U. S. Gov't Report

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...MA, O., Nov. 29, 1895.
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SPECIAL ASSOCIATED PRESS WIRE REPORTS.

The Times-Democrat.

SPECIAL ASSOCIATED PRESS WIRE REPORTS.

VOL. XII, NO. 39. LIMA, OHIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1895. PRICE THREE CENTS

IN NEED OF SHIPS

Japan May Purchase in the United States.

THE COMPETITION IS CLOSE.

Effect of Articles Appearing In the Press of This Country Deplored—Strong Popular Sentiment In Japan In Favor of Americans.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 30.—Irving M Scott general manager of the Union iron works, who recently returned from Japan makes the following statement as the result of recent publications in American newspapers on the subject of extending the field of American manufacturers of war materials to the Oriental countries. Mr. Scott said:

"If the United States expects to succeed in competing with other nations for trade in that part of the world, the press of the country should be more modest in the praise of its manufactures, more fair in its criticisms of those of other countries, and less ready to insinuate unworthy motives on the part of the Japanese as a reason for lack of immediate encouragement. Many United States journals reach there, and the effect of this style of writing is to be deplored

"The Oriental nations are notoriously slow in forming business alliances with foreigners Competition is extremely close The expert agent of one of the most important shipbuilding firms in the world was in the Orient for three years before he had secured a single contract, and yet the press of the United States cries because their capable but brand new manufactories do not capture this field in two months' time

"There is a strong popular sentiment in Japan in favor of the United States, and independently of this the United States has military advantages to Japan of being a near neighbor who will never go to war with her This is appreciated there, and when the Japanese are satisfied that as good material can be bought in the United States as in Europe, they will buy it in large quantities. There is indeed good reason to believe that they will do so in the near future to some extent by way of experiment, as they are all aware of the advantages of having new and competent competitors in the field."

MATTERS IN MEXICO.

Decision In Civil Rights Case—Three Assassins Shot.

CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 30.—The generous treatment accorded the Mexican exhibitors at the Atlanta exposition, has given great satisfaction here.

Three of the assassins of Julio Chabot, the Frenchman at Cordiba, have been caught and summarily shot.

The superior court of the federal district has decided in sustaining an appeal from the decision of the lower court in the case of the two American negroes who were refused drinks in the Iturbide hotel billiard room, where there is a bar The lower court had decided that there was no offense committed, as the saloon keepers, as well as merchants, may rightfully refuse to sell if they choose, and the upper court affirms the principle, and the negroes no longer have any status at bars if saloon keepers don't want them on the premises.

Bishop John P. Newman, the friend of General Grant, has arrived here.

BOTH WERE POISONED.

Severe Experience of a Newly Wedded Pair In Their Home.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Nov. 30.—Harry Kellar and Ella Wilkinson were married Thursday evening, and yesterday morning's breakfast was prepared in the new kettles, etc., with which their house was furnished. Soon after both were taken ill, the condition of Mrs. Kellar is critical. It is supposed that they were poisoned by the nickel plated and copper plated ware. Mr. Kellar is deputy postmaster.

Indications of Foul Play.

VALPARAISO, Ind, Nov. 30—The body of an unknown man was found yesterday on the Wabash railroad tracks near Rocker, this county. From appearances it was thought that the man had met with foul play, the head and neck showing evidence of heavy blows. Nothing was found by which to establish the identity

Canadian Knights of Labor.

TORONTO, Nov. 30.—There is considerable excitement in labor circles here caused by a report from Montreal that the Knights of Labor there had decided to secede from the general assembly and form a purely Canadian order.

Helping Spain.

BROWNSVILLE, Tex., Nov. 30.—The Spanish colony at this place, headed by Simon Celaya, consular representative of Spain, has raised over $1,000 to be sent to the mother country to aid in quelling the Cuban insurrection.

Shot While Hunting.

MOORESVILLE, Ind., Nov. 30.—While out hunting, Robert Scott was accidentally shot by Charles Connor, 22 shot taking effect in the back, some of them penetrating his lungs. He is in a critical conditi

Coal Operators Meet.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 30.—A large number of coal operators are here to consider the mining situation in Ohio.

Count Von Taafe Dead.

ELLISCHAN, Bohemia, Nov. 30—Count Von Taafe, the Austrian statesman, died here at 10:15 a. m.

MINE DISASTER.

Fourteen Lives Lost and Several Persons Injured.

WORK OF RESCUE GOING ON.

An Avalanche of Earth and Rock Slides From Mouth of the Pit to the Bottom, Crashing Over the Men With Terrific Force.

CARMEL, N. Y., Nov. 30.—An accident, resulting in the loss of 13 or 14 lives, occurred at the Tilly Foster mines yesterday afternoon. Foreman Patrick was descending into the pit to take the time of two gangs of laborers numbering about 35 men who were working at the bottom, when a great weight of earth and rock slid with the force of an avalanche from the mouth of the pit to the bottom, a distance of 300 feet. The earth crashed over the men with tremendous force. Out of one gang of 11 only five came out alive, and three of the men employed in another gang were taken out dead.

Killed.

Michael Gannon, foreman.
Patrick B. Murtha, foreman.
John Fagan, boarding house keeper.
Thomas Dennis.
James Smith.
An Austrian, name unknown, No. 234.

Injured.

An Austrian known as No. 344 received a fractured skull.

An Austrian known as No. 394 received a fractured skull and will probably die.

The names of the others killed are at present unknown. Several of the workmen were seriously injured.

The cave-in caused the greatest excitement, but as soon as possible gangs of men were set to work to remove the bodies of those known to be under the masses of earth Superintendent Tompkins and Foreman Lynch took charge of the work, and up to 5 o'clock five dead bodies had been brought to the surface. Murtha was taken out alive, but he died five minutes after he was taken home. Darkness prevented the continuance of the work of rescue. It is thought that all the others in the pit are Italians and Austrians There was some difficulty experienced in identifying several of the bodies, owing to the terrible disfigurement they had undergone

MOTHER AND SON KILLED.

Boy Killed by an Officer and the Woman by Her Husband.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Nov. 30.—Deputy Constable Ben Ayers shot Frank Howard, a colored boy, and almost immediately afterward the boy's mother was shot and killed by Ike Battery, her husband. Ayres had arrested the boy for some trivial offense. At the door of the house the boy made a break for liberty when Ayres shot him in the back. This aroused his mother, who ran to his assistance. But the boy's stepfather was aroused, and mistaking his wife for a burglar who was making the disturbance, siezed a gun and shot her in the breast, killing her instantly.

Brice Contributes.

MADISON, Ind., Nov. 30.—A contribution of $5,000 has been made by Hon. Calvin S. Brice to science hall of Hanover college in Jefferson county.

Fire at Elrod.

ELROD, Ind., Nov. 30.—Fire destroyed the large store and warehouse of Henry Livingstone and the Knights of Pythias hall.

Wanted For Horsestealing.

ANDERSON, Ind., Nov. 30.—Amos T Whitman, wanted at Greenville, O., is also wanted here for horsestealing.

... WHISKY

Nebraska Farmers Make Moonshine Fluid From Sugar Beets.

OMAHA, Nov. 30. The vast yield of sugar beets in Nebraska and the inability of farmers to dispose of it rapidly has produced peculiar violations of the revenue laws. A still has been captured in ... county from which whisky was being made from the beets. It was owned by Charles Reddi, a farmer. The quantity was good and fears are entertained by revenue officers that others are engaged in the business

Neck Broken, but May Recover.

CHARLESTON, W Va, Nov. 30.—George Elkins, who on Sunday last fell off a coal tipple at the Edgewater mines and broke his neck, is still living, and there is now every reason to hope that he will recover. He is at the hospital and is doing very nicely.

May Attempt to Reorganize Senate.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30—There is a growing probability that the Republicans at their caucus on next Monday will decide to attempt to reorganize the senate on Republican lines and that a candidate for president pro tem will then be decided upon.

Gunboat Concord Damaged.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov 30.—Advices by the Gaelic state that the United States gunboat Concord was seriously damaged by going ashore at Joss house spit on the north coast of North China.

Awful Ravages of Cholera.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 30—The steamer Gaelic arrived yesterday from Yokohama and Hongkong Up to Oct. 31 there had been 55,611 cases of cholera in Japan and 35,529 deaths.

Both Men Killed.

LEETONIA, O., Nov. 30.—Harris Shank and Harry March of Lisbon were killed by a train here while crossing the Fort Wayne railroad in a buggy.

Have You Seen the Tontine Installment Policy Issued by the Equitable?

Gross Surplus December 31, 1894.

Equitable,	$37,481,069
Mutual	$22,729,570
New York	21,576,751
Northwestern	14,100,876
Mutual Benefit	3,862,742
Conn. Mutual	7,763,270
Ætna	6,819,919
Penn Mutual	2,334,600

Ratio of Assets to Liabilities, December 31, 1894.

	Per Cent.
Equitable,	125.40
Mutual	112 55
New York	115 30
Northwestern	123 83
Mutual Benefit	107 46
Conn. Mutual	114 25
Ætna	119 55
Penn Mutual	110 34

Ratio of Surplus to Liabilities, December 31, 1894.

	Per Cent
Equitable,	25.40
Mutual	12 55
New York	15 30
Northwestern	23 83
Mutual Benefit	7 46
Conn. Mutual	14 25
Ætna	19 55
Penn Mutual	10 34

Assurance in Force December 31, 1894.

Equitable,	$913,556,733
Mutual	$854,710,761
New York	813,294,160
Northwestern	340,697,569
Mutual Benefit	209,369,528
Conn. Mutual	156,686,871
Ætna	135,907,796
Penn Mutual	126,537,075

Cash Dividends Paid in 1894.

Equitable,	$2,139,735
Mutual	$1,308,345
New York	1,681,755
Northwestern	1,261,325
Mutual Benefit	1,674,264
Conn. Mutual	1,265,415
Ætna	806,859
Penn Mutual	750,281

Income Saved for Investment in 1894.

Equitable,	$16,243,243
Mutual	$14,877,638
New York	12,343,884
Northwestern	8,785,132
Mutual Benefit	2,192,565
Conn. Mutual	620,199
Ætna	1,689,380
Penn Mutual	2,098,393

Increase in Interest Income in 10 Years, 1885-'94.

Equitable,	$4,658,645
Mutual	$3,882,786
New York	4,176,360
Northwestern	2,215,320
Mutual Benefit	991,896
Conn. Mutual	431,179
Ætna	534,458
Penn Mutual	692,894

The Best of All in All Things at All Times.

There are many GOOD life insurance companies, but among them all there must be one BEST. THE BEST is THE EQUITABLE If you wish to know why, send for: 1st. The report of the Superintendent of Insurance for the State of New York on the examination of The Equitable; 2nd, for actual results of maturing policies; 3rd, for statement of death claims paid in 1894. Then you will know the three great reasons of The Equitable's supremacy: 1st, its financial stability; 2nd, its great profits and advantages to living policy holders; 3rd, the promptness of its payments and liberality of its settlements.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES,

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice President. H. B. HYDE, President,
Assets, $185,044,310.06. Surplus, $37,481,059.00

Increase in Assets in 10 Years, 1885-'94.

Equitable,	$127,173,189
Mutual	$100,194,322
New York	103,551,792
Northwestern	50,750,484
Mutual Benefit	17,049,069
Conn. Mutual	8,801,432
Ætna	12,219,441
Penn Mutual	15,251,383

Increase in Total Income in 10 Years, 1895-1884.

Equitable,	$28,666,246
Mutual	$26,661,211
New York	22,650,562
Northwestern	11,610,189
Mutual Benefit	4,266,385
Conn. Mutual	401,565
Ætna	2,578,971
Penn Mutual	4,239,844

Increase in Payments to Policy Holder in 10 Years, 1885-'94.

Equitable,	$12,278,366
Mutual	$7,166,195
New York	8,930,048
Northwestern	2,665,193
Mutual Benefit	2,619,123
Conn. Mutual	687,500
Ætna	1,142,909
Penn Mutual	2,063,353

Income Saved for Investment in 10 Years, 1885-'94.

Equitable,	$126,000,761
Mutual	$91,621,748
New York	97,643,828
Northwestern	48,421,138
Mutual Benefit	16,775,122
Conn. Mutual	8,033,528
Ætna	11,838,533
Penn Mutual	15,001,784

urplus Earned in 10 Years, 1885-'94.

Equitable,	$46,259,509
Mutual	$41,381,129
New York	33,993,408
Northwestern	21,098,050
Mutual Benefit	14,798,901
Conn. Mutual	15,502,406
Ætna	8,266,010
Penn Mutual	6,813,544

Increase in Assurance in Force in 10 Years, 1885-'94.

Equitable,	$604,147,562
Mutual	$502,921 476
New York	583,911,574
Northwestern	241,903,587
Mutual Benefit	73,525,985
Conn. Mutual	4,456,186
Ætna	51,244,205
Penn Mutual	82,557,215

Increase in Surplus in 10 Years, 1895-1884.

Equitable,	$27,017,995
Mutual	$16,652,664
New York	14,883,707
Northwestern	10,593,993
Mutual Benefit	722,365
Conn. Mutual	3,553,853
Ætna	1,890,053
Penn Mutual	1,052,549

By means of the TONTINE INSTALLMENT POLICY, as issued by the EQUITABLE, you provide for a guaranteed income to your family in event of death, and to yourself, if you live to the end of the Tontine Period, thereby securing an income for old age. Further information cheerfully given and illustrations furnished, based on your own age, from any of our agencies thoughout Ohio.

R. W. WALLACE & CO., General Agents,

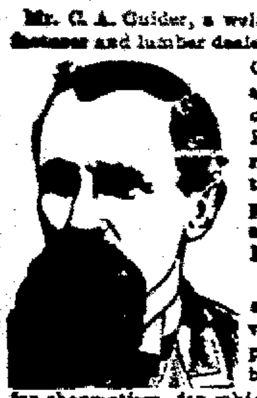
Room 6, Second Floor, Holmes Block, LIMA, OHIO.

Reliable Agents Wanted.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Prevents Suffering

Mr. C. A. Guider, a well-known manufacturer and lumber dealer, at McGuffey, Ohio, has found as have many others, that Hood's Sarsaparilla, by keeping the blood pure, prevents as well as cures disease. He writes:



"Hood's Sarsaparilla has a very conspicuous place in our cupboard. I took it for rheumatism, for which I find it very satisfactory, also for catarrh of the head and for a blood purifier, in fact for general debility. It has proved highly successful. I could not get along without Hood's Sarsaparilla. We buy it in half-dozen lots, and myself and family take it whenever we do not feel very well." C. A. Guider, McGuffey, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

Curious Prehistoric Monkeys.

In several places in the Cape Colony and Orange Free state of south Africa caves have been explored which yielded hundreds of mummified remains of a queer species of six-fingered monkey. All of the full grown specimens of this remarkable species of quadrumana have the tail situated high up on the back from three to five inches further up than the modern monkey—and other distinguising marks, such as two sets of canine teeth, beards on the males, etc Whether these creatures were mummified by human beings, who formerly held them in reverence, or were overtaken by some catastrophe, such as sudden convulsions of nature, or a cataclysm which entombed them in their caves and thus preserved them, is a secret that can never be known.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail, and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Melville's Drug Store.

An Altered Custom.

The grandmammas who used to say that little girls and young women must not rest their hands on their hips "because that's what washerwomen do," must be discouraged nowadays when most girls so frequently assume that position. The explanation of the growth of the habit is said to be that this is the "rest posture" in the calisthenics, health movements and Delsartean exercises that are taught in the young ladies' schools. Between each two movements this resting of the hands on the hips is resorted to, and it won't do at all to characterize it as indecorous any longer.

The wife of Mr. Leonard Wells, of East Brimfield, Mass., had been suffering from neuralgia for two days, not being able to sleep or hardly keep still, when Mr. Holden, the merchant there, sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and asked that she give it a thorough trial On meeting Mr Wells the next day he was told that she was all right. the pain had left her within two hours, and that the bottle of Pain Balm was worth $5.00 if it could not be had for less. For sale at 50 cents per bottle at Melville Bros , next to p. o., and C. W. Heister, 58 public square.

The Problem of Air Ships.

Edison believes that he can solve the problem of air ships either by using balloons or aeroplanes; but, to use his own words: "I would construct actual ships of the air—yachts, schooners and brigantines—which would tack and jibe and sail before the wind. My idea is that the lifting power of these air ships could be gas stored in the sails. In other words, you apply the balloon principle in such a way that the gas bag, instead of being an impediment as it is at present, would be an actual means of propulsion. I would construct gas bags shaped like the sails of a yacht."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world fo Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no money required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Melville Bros

No Humbug.

Foley's Honey and Tar does not claim to perform miracles. It does not claim to cure all cases of consumption or asthma. But it does claim to give comfort and relief in advanced stages of these diseases and to usually cure early stages. It is certainly worth trying by those afflicted or threatened with these dread diseases. 50c. Vortkamp, n e cor Main and North streets.

BOHEMIA OF FASHION

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING PARTS OF THE HORSE SHOW.

Rare Exhibit by New York Millionaires. Where the Smart Set Dines and Gossips In Public—Scene, the Waldorf Winter Garden.

Society left the horse show recently held in New York at 5 p. m. every day. In the ten minutes on either side of that hour there was a great gathering of wraps and calling of carriages, and one by one the boxes were emptied. At 6:30 p. m. the horse show spectacles began again, but not at the Madison Square Garden. To see this part of the show, the most interesting part of all, you must go to one of three fashionable dining places.

This seems almost incredible. The most, in fact almost all, of the people who make the smart set in New York society are rich. Several hundred of them are enormously rich, worth from $5,000,000 to over $100,000,000. They have magnificent houses. They have scores of servants. They have dining rooms upon which tens and even hundreds of thousands of dollars have been lavished. They have imported and extravagantly paid cooks. Yet they do not dine at home.

At the Waldorf hotel any evening during the horse show week you might have seen W. K. Vanderbilt, John Jacob Astor, Oliver Iselin, George Gould and a score of others of great wealth, seated in the public restaurant, eating and drinking as though their gorgeous homes were not within a few blocks, open and ready for guests. There they sat, a part of a noisy, elbowing crowd, enjoying themselves as if peace and quiet and privacy were not supposed to be the main requisites of a good dinner.

The favorite dining place at the Waldorf is not the big dining room, where the management has made an especial effort to gratify the desire for splendor and quiet. In the main dining room there is a carpet upon the floor, the lights are softened, and the most softly shaded lights are upon each table, and the tables are removed each from the other a sufficient distance so that conversation cannot be heard from one to the other. But the smart set does not dine in these surroundings.

They prefer the winter garden. It is a pretty room. But it was intended as a place for afternoon tea or for late supper or for a quiet drink when a man wished to have a woman with him and also wished to smoke. There are palms and ferns and various blossoming plants, and in a corridor overlooking the room an orchestra plays. There is no carpet on the floor, and every footfall and every movement of the legs of a chair makes a loud noise. When a waiter drops anything, the crash touches up the deadest nerves.

Men and women feel freer there. The men smoke, and both men and women lounge in a respectable way. It is very fashionable bohemia. And here the smart people came. So eager were they that there were not nearly tables enough. So you might see W. K. Vanderbilt and Gould and Astor sitting solitary, each at a separate table, holding that table until the people they have invited to dine shall come. If they did not sit thus, the table would be given to the first comer. And the rule is not lifted for millions or titles or any other consideration which will work any wonder in other parts of the world.

At 7 p. m. the little room was full. The tables are so close together that the elbows of those at one table came dangerously near plunging into the ribs of those at the next table. The service is of course as careful and as perfect as in any other part of that beautiful hotel. But the reasons this little room is popular above other rooms and other restaurants is the privilege to smoke and the accompanying air and feeling of being bohemian and also being surrounded by fashion and eminent respectability in the sense in which that phrase is used by society.

Now, in any society but that of New York such a state of affairs would be impossible. In any capital city of Europe the high society seeks privacy above all things. To be looked at, to be seen of the outsiders is to be miserable and bored. Other societies have built their palaces to live in, to be at home in, to be at ease in. New York's palaces seem to have been built to get away from.

Why do men with tens of millions with longings to be thought aristocratic and ultra refined thus subject themselves to the miseries of a long and dreary wait to hold a table in the semibohemian eating place of a hotel? Why do women who carefully copy the manners of royal persons and spend countless dollars in the pursuit of exclusive ideas dine in publicity and in tobacco smoke evening after evening and enjoy it enormously?

Then there were a few people either from out of town or from less fashionable sets in town. These people were enormously interested in the bearers of well known names. But they were not more absorbed than were these well known people in each other. Of course they knew each other well. But the women were discussing each other's gowns, each other's personal appearance, and the men were listening or taking part in the gossip.

From table to table it was gossip, gossip, gossip, never things, always people as subjects of conversation. And as the dinners progressed the talk grew louder and louder. In a lull one voice, male or female, could be heard almost in a shout. And the clatter of dishes, the scraping of chairs added to the tumult. It was bohemia indeed.

About the doors stood an ever changing crowd of curious people. They were of the same general class as the people at the tables—persons who have worked so well with their brains or have had parents who worked so well that they have leisure to dress and to practice the luxurious ways of living. They were at the doors to see the celebrated persons. Their curiosity was well bred, and so no single person lingered long.

Aside from the interest which the presence of so many much talked about people gave the scene had another and more abiding interest. Everybody was so very well dressed The men were so well groomed and so polite and graceful and, as a rule, so athletic looking. The women had more than their share of beauty. Freedom from money cares, attentive servants, luxurious surroundings have such an amazing effect in the way of softening and beautifying the features. And they were tastefully dressed, as a rule—arms round and bare to the elbows, brilliant colors in gowns and bonnets, attractive jewelry. And the brilliant lights were softened somewhat by the masses of green.

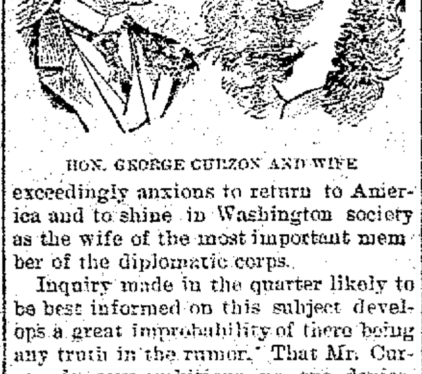
There were powerful odors of flowers, delicate odors of perfumes, suggestions of the bouquet of wine, a flavoring of superb cooking—by no means objectionable when the cooking is of the right sort. And above all there was the fascination of freedom. The millionaire came because he could not get that same freedom where he is host in his own mansion with his own solemn servants behind the chairs. And his guests in this winter garden were happy because they felt this absence from constraint, this sense that everything was being done without trouble and inconvenience to any one they cared anything about, that so many magic dollars were producing without apparent effort fish and game and fruit and coffee from all parts of the world.

Such is the picture seen at the Waldorf those nights. In this little room assembled all that so many people think it worth seeing at the horse show.—New York World.

INTERESTING RUMOR.

Hon. George Curzon May Become British Embassador at Washington.

For some days we have had in Washington the interesting rumor that Hon. George Curzon, who married Mary Leiter, was to come to this city as British embassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote to be promoted to the embassy at Paris. According to the story Mrs. Curzon is



HON. GEORGE CURZON AND WIFE

exceedingly anxious to return to America and to shine in Washington society as the wife of the most important member of the diplomatic corps.

Inquiry made in the quarter likely to be best informed on this subject develops a great improbability of there being any truth in the rumor. That Mr. Curzon is very ambitious no one denies. His friends say his fondest aspiration is to be premier of England, and that he is very likely to succeed in his purpose. In this case a Chicago girl will reach the very heights of social life in London. Mrs. Curzon is already popular in London, and about her there clings not only the fascination of great wealth and beauty, but the glamour of enormous possibilities of political promotion.—Washington Cor. Chicago Times-Herald.

A USEFUL INVENTION.

Telephone Circuit Along the Wires In Case of Trolley Accidents.

A telephone circuit is to be constructed along all the lines of the trolley car system in Hartford and its suburbs, so that the conductors may communicate with the power houses and the car dispatcher in case of accident or delay. A telephone wire will be strung on the trolley poles and at every eighth pole there will be a switch for making connections Each car will carry a transmitter It is expected that the device will prove of great utility and convenience and will do much to prevent accidents and delays on the single track lines that run long distances into the suburbs.

The device is the invention of W. C. Fielding of Hartford. It ought at least to prove of great service in relieving the minds of the passengers and the strain on the conductor when the power is suddenly shut off and the car halted and every one wants to know just what the trouble is.

There is no more exasperating situation of utter helplessness than to be halted in a trolley car a mile or two outside the city line and not be able to gain the slightest idea of why the power has been shut off or when it is likely to be turned on again. Not a few suburbanites have been brought near to insanity of a violent type by just such a situation of trying uncertainty.—New York Sun.

Plan to Win Foreign Trade.

E. A. Keeling, signing himself "Temporary Secretary, Sherman bank, New York city," has written Governor Greenhalge of Massachusetts a letter concerning an enterprise intended to establish better social and trade relations between merchants in this country and foreign merchants. He stipulates that money is not solicited, but broad and wise suggestions as to the best method of making the undertaking a success are desired.

It is intended, the letter says, to introduce products into foreign countries in a more extensive and profitable manner than ever attempted. No particular line of goods is to be preferred, but all are to be handled jointly, and the expense thereby lessened.—New York Herald.

Chauncey's Latest.

Mr. Depew's latest: It is sweeter far to enjoy taffy while living than to be decorated with epitaphy when dead.—Boston Herald.

TWO LIFELONG LOVERS.

A Sentence Overheard In the Street Answers the Old Conundrum.

Tired by a long day's work and feeling a bit "blue" over some matters which had gone counter to my hopes, I was walking down Broadway one night last week, on my way home. It was after 10 o'clock and the down town streets were almost deserted.

As I turned through Sixteenth street I noticed an old lady and an older gentleman walking slowly, arm in arm, evidently husband and wife. He was apparently about 70, she perhaps five years younger.

They seemed very fond of each other. There was just the least little inclination of the head of each toward the other, and they were strolling along so slowly as to suggest the thought that their pace was regulated not so much by the infirmities of age as by the desire and pleasure of being alone together. They were talking earnestly.

It had rained earlier in the evening and the sidewalks were still wet, so that I had put on my rubbers before leaving the office. Consequently my approach was noiseless. Just as I overtook and passed the old people the man turned to his wife and said, as if in answer to some remark she had made, "But, my dear, I like to think God sent you to me."

From a lover to his sweetheart or from a young husband to a young wife the words might have sounded sentimental, and would certainly have seemed commonplace, but from a husband of three score and ten to a wife of 65 they had a weight and dignity which made them sweet to hear and wholesome to recall.

Here was the whole story of two lives told in a sentence. Here was the answer to the old question about marriage. For them it was surely a divine success. Here at least was proof that the writers of fairy tales and of old time novels spoke truly when they said that "they were married and lived happy ever after."—New York Herald.

KOREAN CURIOSITIES.

All the Tools Made by Hand and Native Iron Used.

Frank G. Carpenter, writing about the peculiarities of Korea, says among other things:

"One of our ponies had to be shod, and another time we put shoes on the bull which carried the baggage. The pony was first thrown to the ground, and his four legs were tied together so that he couldn't possibly kick.

"Then the blacksmith pounded hoop iron shoes on his feet with a rude iron hammer. It was the same with the bull, though one man had to sit on his head while he was being shod. The iron seemed to be very good, and it comes from the mines in the northern part of the country. The tools of the country are made of it, and the farming tools are very ingenious, the three and four pronged hoes being quite as good as anything we have in America. They were making tools in this blacksmith's shop, and all the tools and plows are made by hand.

"The blacksmith had a rude bellows, which was worked by a boy who stood on a seesaw and by moving up and down pumped the fire into a blaze. In other places I saw bellows which boys worked by pulling a stick in and out like that of a squirtgun, and everything is rude in the extreme.

"Sometimes horses are shod by being strapped up to poles, so that only two of their feet can rest on the ground, and the band which goes around the belly holds the horse up while he is shod."—Roxbury Gazette.

A Lake of Boiling Lava.

Mauna Loa, the gigantic Hawaiian volcano, has two craters or openings, one of which, Kilauea, is the largest active volcanic crater in the world. The mountain is 14,100 feet high, and Kilauea is situated on the eastern side, about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. This marvelous crater is really a vast lake of boiling lava which rises and falls continually by the action of subterranean fires. In tossing to and fro like a troubled sea of molten metal the lava is dashed against the cliffs and hardens there in the form of long, glassy filaments, gigantic knobs, miniature trees, and in imitation of grass, leaves, etc.

Another form of glassy filament to be found along the shores of this fiery lake is in the shape of queer bunches and tufts of lava made up of an aggregation of vitreous threads which the natives call "Pele's hair," Pele being the goddess to whom the mountain is dedicated. These glassy threads appear to be caused by the passage of steam through the molten lava. In so doing small particles in the shape of bubble-like balloons are thrown into the air, leaving a tail behind like a comet. When the scene of these miniature steam eruptions is near a rock or the shore all solid and cool surfaces are found covered with bunches of "Pele's hair." This "hair" was formerly used in mystic native ceremonies, and of late years has been gathered in large quantities by curiosity seekers.—St. Louis Republic.

How to Roast the Succulent Oyster.

Select large oysters and have them scrubbed thoroughly, then place them in the oven in a large tin with the round side of the shells down, so that when they open the liquor will not be lost As soon as they do open remove the upper shell, sprinkle them with salt, pepper and chopped parsley, add a little butter and serve hot as possible on a bed of water cress. Oysters served in this way make an excellent first course at dinner if accompanied by thin slices of brown bread and butter.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Explained.

"Pa, what is a trip hammer?"

"It's the hammer, my son, that your ma leaves on the carpet when she hangs up a picture."—Detroit Free Press.

A FAMOUS REFO

REV. C. J. FREEMAN SPEAKS FREELY OF HI

He Has Written and Preached on Bo Atlantic—Recently the Victim of Affliction from Which He was In a Marvelous Manne

From the Herald, Boston, Mass.

REV. C. J. FREEMAN, A.B., PH.D.

No. 157 Emerson St., South Boston, is the present home of Rev. C. J. Freeman, A. B., Ph.D., the recent rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church at Anaconda, Mont. During the reform movement which has swept over Boston, Dr. Freeman has been frequently heard from through the various newspapers and although a resident of comparatively recent date he has exerted much public influence which has been increased by the fact that he was ten years ago on a commission appointed in England to investigate the troublesome question of the vice of great cities.

He has preached before cultured audiences in the old world, as well as to the rough pioneers in the mining towns of the Rocky mountains, and his utterances as well as his writings have been in the line of progress and liberality, well-seasoned with practical common sense. Dr. Freeman has written this paper a letter which will be read with much interest. He says:—

"Some five years since I found that deep study and excessive literary work, in addition to my ordinary ministerial duties, were undermining my health. I detected that I was unable to understand things as clearly as I usually did; that after but little thought and study I suffered from a dull pain in the head and great weariness, and all thought and study became a trouble to me. I lost appetite, did not relish ordinary food, after eating, suffering acute pains in the chest and back. There was sourness of the stomach, and the most of my food seemed to turn to sour water, with most sickly and suffocating feeling in vomiting up such sour water.

At this time I consulted several physicians. One said I was run down, another said I had chronic indigestion: but this I do know, that with all the prescriptions which they gave me I was not improving; for in addition, I had pains in the regions of the kidneys, a very sluggish liver, so much so that I was very much like a yellow man, was depressed in spirits, imagined all sorts of things and was daily becoming worse and felt that I should soon become a confirmed invalid if I did not soon understand my complaints. I followed the advice of physicians most severely, but with all I was completely unable to do my ministerial duty, and all I could possibly do was to rest and try to be thankful. After eighteen months' treatment I found I was the victim of severe palpitation of the heart, and was almost afraid to walk across my room. Amid all this I was advised to take absolute rest from all mental work. In fact, I was already unable to take any duty for the reason that the feeling o the least exertion duty whatever, ar that I was very r As for taking ab more than I did u rest in the grave. absolute enough.

"It is now quite tion to all the p endured, I found numbness of the l not walk about. drag the left foot of locomotion see consoled with the tial paralysis. W know, but this I about and I bega hood had comme years.

"Just about tw a ministerial frie sick in bed and co something like o not quite. He ha eration which was man. But the be "Did you ever see in the world is be not try Pink Pills affectionately, so thought it was the after thinking a li clusion that I wou see what Pink P them, and I said out of those little would see. I was I remembered th licentia fede," " faith." So Pink Pills I swallowe not cure me, nor after I had taken was decidedly be improving, and Pills I could get a left limb was re head had entire better, I could e quiet action of th In fact, in twelve ture, and to-day two hours withou my public duties without fatigue, I have to do, an safely say I was health than I am it to the patie liams' Pink Pi

"I fully, cordia Dr. Williams' Pi suffer in a simila one who adopts and patience can unrealized or the But he will find reward of a full t remedy. I shall greatest success and always cheris to the friend who Pills. I have tri value, and am tru found from them than is actually c

Very faithf
C. J. F
Late r

Dr. Williams' densed form, all t new life and rich shattered nerves. cific for such dise tial paralysis, St. ralgia, rheumati after effect of la heart, pale and s of weakness eithe Pills are sold by post paid on rece or six boxes for $ bulk or by the 100 Medicine Compan

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Sometimes needs a reliable, monthly, regulating me the purest drugs should be used. If you

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IO

KIDNEYS CURE SICKNESS.

Sick Kidneys the Cause of a Hundred Diseases.

How Kidneys Cause Disease

by not attending to their duties—How they can cure diseases by purifying the blood—Our Blood Filters—

How to Cleanse Them.

Your lungs supply air to your blood

Your heart pumps it all over your body.

Your kidneys filter it.

You would die if any of these three great organs stopped their work.

But if any one is more important than the others, it is the kidneys.

If your heart is the cause of one disease, your kidneys are the cause of twenty.

Treating the kidneys is a great help in some lung and heart diseases.

But treating your lungs or your heart will never benefit your kidneys.

When you feel dull, ambitionless, dizzy, tired, nervous, have pain in your back, headache, chilly sensations, evil forebodings, puffiness of the eyelids, swelling of the feet and ankles, when you are losing flesh and sleep, you may be sure you have kidney trouble.

As soon as the kidneys fall sick they stop doing their work. They stop filtering the blood.

This is worse than ever.

There is poison in unfiltered blood.

The poison is what causes so-called "blood diseases," such as Rheumatism, Gout, Anaemia, Chlorosis, Neuralgia, Eruptions, etc.

The kidneys *cause* these diseases.

The kidneys can *cure* them, if they are themselves first cured.

They can be cured with Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills.

The wonderful action of Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills on the kidneys lies in the great curative powers of the Asparagus plant.

You can test its tonic action on your kidneys by eating a dish of it.

But this action is a thousand times strengthened in Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills.

They contain the active ingredient of Asparagus, extracted by a special process. They are strong. They act instantly.

They give immediate relief.

They cure in a very short time.

But they are perfectly harmless, purely vegetable and contain nothing injurious to health.

Kidney troubles are dangerous.

Bright's Disease is the worst of them.

Dr Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease.

They will cure all other kidney troubles.

They tone up and strengthen the sick kidneys They give them fresh life and strength. They give them energy to begin work again as if they had never been sick.

As soon as the kidneys are well, your other diseases will begin to go.

Your pains and aches in your limbs, muscles and joints, your headaches, your pale cheeks, your pimples and eruptions will all disappear.

Not because Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills are really attacking each one of these troubles, but because they have cured your kidneys, and your kidneys are beginning again to purify and filter your blood.

If you will try Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills you will find that they will take effect after a few doses. You will feel at once how much good they are doing you, and you will go on until you are cured.

This is a severe test, but Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills will stand it.

They are for sale at all druggists or mailed prepaid on receipt of price, 50 cents per box.

Write for interesting pamphlet "*A Filter for Your Blood,*" mailed free on request. Hobb's Medicine Co, Chicago or San Francisco.

IN THE SHOPS.

Collarettes of white feathers for the opera.

Hand-painted buttons with jeweled rims.

Dresden chiffon at $1.75 a yard.

Pocketbooks of elephant hide with gold clasps.

Black net appliqued with white lace.

Suede gloves in plum color.

Camel's hair Alpine hats with a quill at the side.

Theatre bonnets of fur tails and lace.

Lace collars with the design incrusted with jewels.

Pocket handkerchiefs with a narrow border in three contrasting colors.

Enameled butterfly veil pins.

Chinchilla victorines with gorgeous silk linings.

Dancing slippers with jewel embroidered toes.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

WAR TALK FROM JINGOES.

Much [illegible] of Horns, but Very Few [illegible] Want Trouble.

The [illegible] New [illegible] number of [illegible] work against the [illegible] [illegible] by men [illegible] in public life" suggests the question [illegible] classes are in this country ready [illegible] a foreign war, says the New York Post. War talk is thick, but where are the warriors? We are assured that a foreign war would be immensely popular, but what real evidence is there—evidence as distinct from half crazy, half jocose mouthings—that any large body of citizens, especially any large body of taxpayers, want a war.

Yet there is no doubt a certain desire for war among our professional fighters, especially among our naval officers. The army is quieter, because a war in which it would have any serious work to do is almost inconceivable, even to the inflamed jingo imagination. This is what makes so deliciously absurd remarks like those of General Harrison in Indianapolis the other day. He spoke of "the next war" as one of the things confidently to be counted upon; said that then Georgia and Indiana would charge side by side, instead of against each other, and cried out, "Woe to the enemy who has to meet that fatal charge!" This is delightful, coming from a staid old Presbyterian elder and corporation lawyer, who knows that there is about as much chance of Georgia and Indiana charging side by side anywhere on earth as there is of the American hog and sheep challenging the boars in the Black forest to a butting contest.

MAKESHIFT EXCUSES.

Republicans Are Now Raising the Overproduction Cry.

In a recent lecture Mr. Edward Atkinson fittingly rebuked the well worn device of citing "overproduction" whenever a false system of economics is found not to work.

Jealous of the enormous boom of trade under the new tariff bill, some of the Republican partisans are beginning to predict an overproduction of cotton goods. The southern mills, which in 1880 had only 542,000 spindles, have now 2,379,000.

The American cotton mills have 1,400,000,000 backs to cover. Many of these backs are well nigh shirtless, and there are but few which are too well provided for. The number of people who are complaining of too many shirts is extremely small, to say nothing of 100,000,000 shirtless Asiatics.

The cry of overproduction is always the cry of evasion—the last shift whereby to excuse a false industrial policy. It is a virtual insult to every work willing person with a ragged coat, a dilapidated shirt and toes looking out of his boots for protection.

Under a judicious tariff policy and an ample supply of the circulating medium there is no such thing as overproduction, except, possibly, the overproduction of men credulous enough to accept this makeshift excuse for false economic policies and unreasoning greed.—Boston Globe.

The Statesman From Bitter Creek.

Senator Chandler seems less eager to twist the British lion's tail or to drive the proud Castilian from the Spanish main than he appeared to be before the elections. He still wears his hat cocked at a bellicose angle, but his leonine roar has become as gentle as the mewing of a pussy cat. He now believes that "the preparation of the Cubans for self government should be fully ascertained" before this government shall commit itself to intervention in their behalf, and that the Monroe doctrine should be asserted "so far as it applies" to the Guiana boundary dispute—a very wise and unimpeachably correct limitation. As the time for the opening of the congressional session draws near the statesman from Bitter Creek seems to be more mindful of his senatorial responsibility.—Philadelphia Record.

A Reckless Squanderer.

Mr. Quay's plans for increasing the revenues of the government have for a traveling companion a very liberal proposition for spending them as fast as they are increased.—Chicago Times Herald.

Very Few Are Deserving.

Pingree has carried Detroit by a handsome majority. It is a pity that so many other successful candidates are much less deserving than the great potato philanthropist.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Hard Luck Stories In Demand.

Possessors of hard luck stories and calamity information will learn something to their advantage by placing themselves in correspondence with William McKinley.—Washington Post.

Keep an Eye on 1896.

The pendulum of politics has been swinging to and fro in almost annual alternation ever since the great tidal wave of 1875. Now look out for 1896.—Kansas City Times.

They're Not Thinking of the Country.

If the Republicans do no better with their new slump than they have done with the old one, little good will come to the country from the recent elections.—Exchange.

Harrison Badly Damaged.

We firmly believe that Mr. Harrison has good cause of action against the [illegible] ter on municipal politics.—Washington Post.

Don't Mind the Smell.

The Republicans and the A. P. A.'s have carried Omaha again. Nothing in the way of a bad smell has stopped this year's tidal wave.—St. Louis Republic.

Fear Their Prophecy Will Prove True.

Indiana Republican journals that said, "As Indianapolis goes this year so will go Indiana next year," are all "broken up."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

REFORM IN TOBACCO

MAIL POUCH

No Chemicals

Nicotine Neutralized

No Nerves Quaking
No Heart Palpitating
No Dyspeptic Aching

ANTI-NERVOUS
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

THE KANGAROO.

A Success In Many Ways, but a Failure In Running Down Hill.

The skin of the kangaroo has a wonderfully muscular fiber, which contributes largely to the strength of the animal, enabling the females to carry their young in their pouch until old enough to take care of themselves and aiding the kangaroo in his long leaps when in motion.

The animal is a native of Australia and adjacent islands. It is a distinct species and has no counterpart in other countries. There are a great number of families, some scarcely larger than a rat, others of almost gigantic size. The giant kangaroo (Macropus major), the family which furnishes the most valuable skins, was discovered by Captain Cook about a century ago, at which time it attracted much attention among naturalists.

The natives of Australia call the old males "booma," and are slow to attack them. The "booma" has paws as large as those of a mastiff, though of different shape. His feet are his weapons, and when attacked he is a dangerous antagonist. When raised to his full height, his hind legs and tail form a tripod, upon which his body rests, carrying his head as high as that of a man on horseback.

The kangaroo lives upon vegetable food and roams over the plains of Australia in large flocks. Its teeth are so constructed that it can feed upon roots and live upon barren plains where other animals would starve, and to its destruction of roots is attributed the sterile plains so common in Australia.

When feeding, a large male stands at his full height and acts as sentinel, while the balance of the flock lie on their sides and browse. At the slightest approach of danger the sentinel sounds the alarm, and in an instant all are erect upon their hind feet. They leap with their fore paws clasped close to their body, the tail stretched backward, while the powerful thigh muscles are caused suddenly to straighten to the joints, by which act the body flies through the air on a low curve. The ordinary jump is about nine feet, but 30 feet are often made at a leap. When pursued by hunters and on level ground or on an up grade they can outrun the fleetest dog, but down grade they lose their balance and roll over. The flesh of the kangaroo furnishes excellent food, kangaroo venison being considered a dainty dish, while the tail furnishes an excellent and nutritious soup.—Humane Journal.

Catarrh in the Head

Is due to impure blood and cannot be cured with local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured hundreds of cases of catarrh because it purifies the blood and in this way removes the cause of the disease. It also builds up the system and prevents attacks of pneumonia, diphtheria and typhoid fever.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with everyone who tries them. 25c.

Singing Mice.

Some few years since there was at Coley Hall, near Halifax, a singing mouse, which lived for several years in a hole near the fireplace in one of the rooms and became very tame, Mr. A. G. Sunderland not allowing it to be disturbed. Many people came to hear its so called singing. This mouse appeared perfectly fat and healthy, and met its end accidentally.

Another correspondent says. With reference to singing mice, I may say that I caught one last year and kept it in a cage. That they do not sing for pleasure, as a bird does, is evident from the fact that it sang even when frightened, and the singing was evidently due to some difficulty in breathing, which, however, appeared to cause it no great inconvenience, as it fed well and was in fair condition when caught. The "singing" soon became monotonous, and I therefore restored the mouse to his sorrowing relatives.—London Graphic.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

IMPORTS OF POTTERY

CALAMITY HOWLERS ATTEMPT TO JUGGLE FIGURES

Futile Efforts of the Philadelphia Press to Show That Imports Exceed the Domestic Output Deceptive Manipulation of Trade Statistics.

The Press entangles itself more and more hopelessly in a thicket of assertion in regard to the pottery output of the country, says the Philadelphia Record. It now pleads that its statement that the total domestic product of pottery annually is between $7,000,000 and $8,000,000 related to the calamitous Cleveland year," and yet all its efforts have been to prove that the home production of pottery is exceeded by the foreign importations.

But this is not true of the Cleveland year of "calamity," nor of any other year in the last decade. It has been seen that, making every allowance, the output of pottery in 1890 exceeded in value $12,000,000 in a total of $22,000,000 of clay and pottery products. In view of the rapid development of this industry since 1880, it is safe to estimate that the present production is at least $15,000,000—or double the figures of The Press. Still, it sticks to its assertion that the "calamitous Cleveland year" would apply "as well to other years."

In order to show that the imports of pottery exceed the domestic output in value The Press still persists in including in these imports a large variety of costly articles of art and luxury with which American earthenware, as everybody knows, does not compete. We have shown that these articles have been imported in greater volume under the McKinley tariff than under the new tariff. So that there is no question of competition in the case. But by systematically disparaging the domestic production and exaggerating the foreign imports The Press achieves the desired purpose of proving that the imports of pottery exceed the domestic output. This thing can be done in no other way than by deliberately deceptive manipulation of trade statistics. The country became quite familiar with this pseudo maniacal disease in "the calamitous Cleveland year," and the disease has not yet abated. Whether it be congenital, or whether it be due to the acquired habit of calamity howling, cannot be determined with accuracy.

As a case in point The Press quotes The Record as saying that the foreign importations (of pottery) amounted "in value last year to less than $9,000,000." What The Record did say was that of these importations of less than $9,000,000 more than two-thirds in value consisted of objects of art and luxury with which the American potteries do not compete. The remaining one-third, and not the $9,000,000, constituted "the mere driblet" of pottery importations in comparison with the domestic production. There could hardly be a more wretched perversion than The Press has thus made of an obviously plain statement.

Driven to its last hole, The Press says The Record should "stop giving purely imaginary statistics about the large importations of Dresden and Sevres wares." These "imaginary statistics" are the cold, matter of fact returns of trade. For 1893 the returns of imports show as follows: Plain white and brown earthenware, $2,177,182; "china, porcelain, parian, bisque, earthen, stone and crockery ware, including plaques, ornaments, toys, charms, vases and statuettes, painted, tinted, stained, enameled, printed or gilded," $6,821,092. There is where the Dresden and Sevres wares, the Paris articles of luxury, the toys and bric-a-brac, come in. These "imaginary statistics" serve also for comparison with the imaginary statistics of 1895, which give as follows: Imports of plain earthenware, $2,053,759; decorated or ornamented, including some articles as in 1893, $6,585,660.

It is seen that here is no case for calamity howling. The imports of both plain and decorated pottery were greater under all the years of McKinleyism, save "the calamitous Cleveland year," than they have been under the new tariff. For the eight months ended Aug. 31 last the imports of pottery products amounted in value to $6,334,874, of which $1,885,908 consisted of plain pottery.

Thus the fragile crockery of The Press is shivered into potsherds whenever it collides with the truth. In order to escape in a cloud of dust it prates about "the production of clay, wrought and unwrought, for the use of glass manufacturers," with a deal more of the same kind of stuff. But what on earth, or in clay, has this to do with the relative domestic output of pottery and the foreign importations? The sole question is whether the assertion of The Press that the foreign importations exceed the domestic production is true, and whether, having been shown not to be true, there is the slightest pretext for its croakings of calamity.

Not a Republican Victory.

Governor Elect Lowndes of Maryland recognizes that his election "is not so much a party triumph as it is an uprising on the part of the better sentiment against the principle of political control through boss dictation." He is "indebted to the Democrats" for his election, and will "pursue a conservative policy in the state," following "a civil service line in regard to appointments."—New York Post.

What New Says to Harrison.

While John C. New may be talking through his hat to the dear public in assuring them that Mr. Harrison is not a candidate for the nomination, on the side, and not through his hat, he is saying to his chief, "Ben jam in if you can't get in any other way!"—St. Paul Globe.

Solid as a Rock.

Mississippi? Now, there's a Democratic state.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Westphalian Witches Were Red Haired.

Soest, in Westphalia Prussia, was the Salem of the European witch burning era, and, by the way, the witchcraft delusion there lasted for three or four centuries longer there than it did in the renowned burg in the colony of Massachusetts Bay. The judicial tribunal before which all Westphalian witches were forced to appear was called the Vehmgericht and was composed of the most superstitious set of bigots in the province. The trees are still standing under which this witch trying congress regularly met on the commons of Soest and the records of their proceedings are still to be found in the archives at the town hall.

One of the most noticeable things in these queer old records of the days of bigotry and blind superstition is the fact that the pages upon which are written the proceedings of cases in which the accused were condemned to the stake are all adorned with locks of the culprit's hair. The individual hairs of this queer collection of tufts exhibit all the variations usually noticed in such assortments, being long and short, coarse and fine and straight and curly. In one very characteristic feature, however, that of color, all the locks have the same general appearance, being uniformly red.

It is passing curious, to say the least, that in a country where red hair does not predominate all the witches executed during a period covering several hundred years should belong to that class of beings derisively referred to as "brick top blonds."—St. Louis Republic.

Odd Delusions.

In a recent lecture in London, by Dr. W. R. Gowers of the Royal society, some curious facts were stated concerning the optical delusions suffered by victims of epilepsy at the commencement of their attacks.

One man for years was always warned of a coming fit by a sensation of thumping or beating in the chest, which gradually extended to the head. Then two pulsating lights appeared, which seemed to draw nearer. In an instant these were gone, and in their place was the figure of an aged woman wearing a red cloak, and always the same in appearance and dress, who offered the patient something that had the odor of Tonquin beans. Then the patient invariably lost consciousness.

Another case cited was that of a woman whose attacks were invariably preceded by a vision of London lying in ruins, the channel of the Thames being emptied of water in order to receive the rubbish of the destroyed city, and the patient believing herself to be the only survivor of all its inhabitants.

Still another patient always seemed to himself, just before an attack, to have been set down in the midst of a broad field of grass.

The cause of these singular deceptions lies in the brain, but its mode of working is not yet thoroughly understood.

The Potato's Genesis Unsolved.

The early naturalists differed greatly as to the origin of the potato, writes John Gilmer Speed in Ladies' Home Journal. In England it was held to be a native of Virginia, and in Spain it was said to have originated in Peru. Modern opinion holds that it is indigenous to the elevated tablelands of Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Costa Rica, Mexico and southwestern United States. It probably got to Virginia by the hands of some early Spanish explorers. It is certain, however, that it was not cultivated in Virginia till far into the eighteenth century, and then it was introduced in the American colonies on account of the esteem in which it was held in Europe.

Six weeks ago I suffered with a very severe cold; was almost unable to speak. My friends all advised me to consult a physician. Noticing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised in the St. Paul *Volks Zeitung*. I procured a bottle, and after taking it a short while was entirely well. I now most heartily recommend this remedy to any one suffering with a cold. WM. KEIL. 678 Selby ave., St. Paul, Minn. For sale by Melville Bros., next to Post Office: C. W. Heister, 58 Public square.

C. H. & D. RY.

EXCURSIONS

Via C., H. & D. Ry. Co.

Atlanta, Ga., and return, tickets good going until Dec. 15 and returning until Jan. 7 $27.25 tickets good 20 days from date of sale, $20

Boston and New York.

Take the C., H. & D. for Boston and New York. You can leave Lima at 1 55 p. m., and arrive in New York the next day at 1:45 p. m and arrive in Boston at 3 p m. This is the best and fastest train to New England from Lima. R. I. McGUIRE Tkt. Agt

$13.90 Lima to Atlanta and Return, Via C., H & D. Ry.

Tickets sold December 2d and 3d, good returning 10 days from date of sale.

Ohio Day at the Atlanta Ga, and Cotton States Exposition is Wednesday December 4th. You can leave Lima at 1.15 p. m. every day and arrive Atlanta 12 o'clock noon the next day, 23 hours or leave 2:15 a m and arrive Atlanta 10:40 p m. next day, less than 21 hours The above train service is DAILY Now is the time to go to Atlanta the heart of the South. The show is at its best

Americans should know America The Sunny south displays her vast resources arranged and compiled like an encyclopedia, affording a pleasing practical study. YOU SHOULD GO!

R. I. McGUIRE,
Agent C., H. & D. Ry., Lima, O.

Assignee's Sale of Real Estate.

In pursuance of the order of the Probate Court of Allen County, Ohio, I will offer for sale at public auction, on Saturday, the 21st day of December, 1895, at the east door of the Court House of said county, at 2 o'clock p m the following described real estate, situated in Allen County, Ohio, to-wit.

Fifty (50) feet square off the west end of the east half of inlot one hundred and sixty-two (162) in the original plat of Lima, Ohio; also fifty feet square off the west end of east half of inlot one hundred and sixty-one, (161) in said plat, being a lot fronting 50 feet on west Spring street and extending north 100 feet, appraised at $2,700. Also inlot twenty, (20) in the Seinsheimer's addition of Clifton to Lima, Ohio, appraised at $300 00.

Terms of sale, Cash.

W. H. DUFFIELD,
Assignee in trust for creditors of W. L. Stahl.
11 22-4 wks

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

GOOD FOR EVERYBODY

Almost everybody takes some laxative medicine to cleanse the system and keep the blood pure. Those who take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR (liquid or powder) get all the benefits of a mild and pleasant laxative and tonic that purifies the blood and strengthens the whole system. And more than this: SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR regulates the Liver, keeps it active and healthy, and when the Liver is in good condition you find yourself free from Malaria, Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick-Headache and Constipation, and rid of that worn out and debilitated feeling. These are all caused by a sluggish Liver. Good digestion and freedom from stomach troubles will only be had when the liver is properly at work. If troubled with any of these complaints, try SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. The King of Liver Medicines, and Better than Pills.

EVERY PACKAGE
Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper.
J. H. Zeilin & Co., Phila., Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Case No. 5485

Simeon J. Mowen, Plaintiff, vs Joseph Askins, Defendant, } Allen Probate Court.

By virtue of an order of sale, issued from the Probate Court of Allen county Ohio, and to me directed, I will offer for sale at the east door of the Court House in Lima, Allen county, Ohio, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7th, A. D. 1895.

Between the hours of one o'clock and four o'clock p. m., the following described lands and tenements, situate in the City of Lima Allen county, State of Ohio, and described as follows, to-wit:

Inlots numbered 4,159, 4 162 4,165, 4 172, 4 175 4,178, 4,183, 4,186, 4 189, 4,191, 4 194, 4,197, 4,199, 4,201, 4,202, 4,207, 4,209, 4,211 4,217 and 4,218 in Joseph Askins' addition to the city of Lima, Ohio.

Appraised at $2000.00.
Terms of sale—Cash.

AARON FISHER, Sheriff, Allen County, Ohio

Lima, Ohio, November 4th, 1895.
Moore and Watts, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Case No. 8556

Ex. Doc. 8. Page 203.

The First National Bank, of Wapakoneta, Ohio, Plaintiff, vs. Allen Spyker, et al, Defendants. } Allen Common Pleas

By virtue of an order of sale, issued from the Court of Common Pleas of Allen County, Ohio, and to me directed, I will offer for sale at the east door of the Court House in Lima, Allen county, Ohio, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14th, A. D. 1895,

between the hours of one o'clock and four o'clock p m., the following described lands and tenements, situate in the city of Lima, Allen County, State of Ohio, and described as follows, to-wit:

Being inlot number 2207, being 50x200 feet, except 30 feet off of the north side of said lot 2207; and 10 feet off of the north side of inlot number 2206, 10x200 feet in Wise's addition to the city of Lima, Allen county, Ohio.

Appraised at $1200 00.

And inlots numbers 1728 and 1729 in Jameson's second addition to the city of Lima, Allen county, Ohio.

Inlot 1728 appraised at $600 00.
Inlot 1729 appraised at $600 00.
Terms of sale—Cash.

AARON FISHER, Sheriff, Allen County, Ohio

Lima, Ohio, November 11th, A. D 1895.
Layton & Stueve, Plaintiff's attorneys

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Case No. 8585

App. Doc. 8. Page 191

Tunis A. Tharp, Plaintiff, vs John O'Neill and Johanna O'Neill, Defendants. } Allen Common Pleas

By virtue of an execution, issued from the Court of Common Pleas of Allen County, Ohio, and to me directed, I will offer for sale at the east door of the Court House, in Lima, Allen County, Ohio, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28th, A. D. 1895,

between the hours of one (1) o'clock and four (4) o'clock, p. m. the following described lands and tenements, situated in the city of Lima, Allen County, State of Ohio, and described as follows, to-wit:

Inlots number Thirty-seven hundred and ninety-three (3793) and Thirty seven hundred and ninety four (3794) in Fanny O'Neill's addition to the City of Lima, Ohio

Inlot No. 3793 appraised at $ 00.00
Inlot No 3794 appraised at $100 00.
Terms of sale—Cash.

AARON FISHER
Sheriff Allen county, Ohio

Lima, Ohio, November 27th, 1895

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Robert Hume deceased

The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of Robert Hume, late of Allen County, Ohio. deceased

Dated this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1895.
LOROY H. HUME.

11-23-4t-sa

Assignee's Sale.

The undersigned now has a general merchandise stock of goods at Elida, Ohio, for private sale The stock is new and desirable. Someone will get a bargain if bought soon, as it must be closed out without delay. Call on or address the undersigned at Elida, Ohio.

JACOB R. BRENNEMAN, Assignee.

s w s

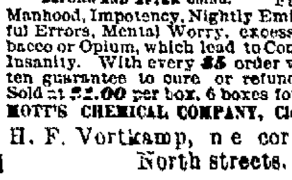
NO. 54

East Side Public Square. First-class Barber Shop. Ladies' and Children's Haircutting done to order. Special room for ladies' hairdressing.

A. G. LUTZ, Proprietor.

Restored Manhood.

DR. MOTT'S NERVERINE PILLS.



BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio.

H. F. Vortkamp, n e cor Main and North streets.

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TELEPHONE CALL, No. 84.

THE LIMA TIMES-DEMOCRAT is published every evening (except Sunday) and will be delivered at your supper table each evening upon the following terms:

One copy one year, in advance......$5 00
Six months, in advance.................. 2 50
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Subscription collections made weekly. Our collector will call each week unless some special arrangement be made with him. All subscription accounts must be paid promptly.

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THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT has the largest circulation of any daily newspaper in northwestern Ohio, outside the larger cities. It reaches into every portion of Lima and goes into every postoffice in Allen county. THE LIMA TIMES-DEMOCRAT is recognized as the people's paper, and as such is the most popular newspaper in the city. It is read by every one in Lima, and its rapidly increasing list attests its superiority over all competitors.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT—The Semi-Weekly edition issued by THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT COMPANY, is without parallel in point of excellence. It contains 56 columns of choice literary, editorial, news, and advertising matter of great interest to everyone in the county. This excellent newspaper is published for the small sum of

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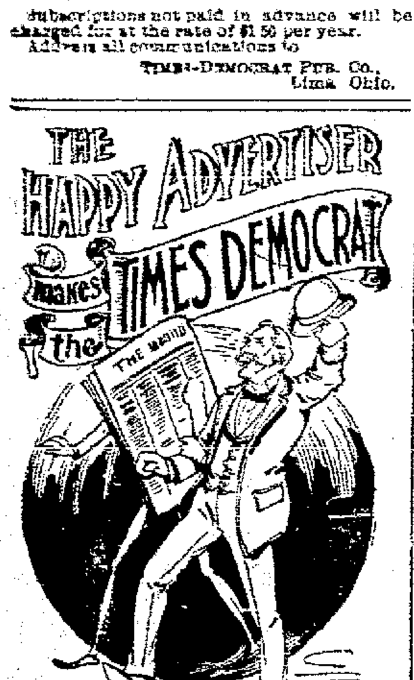

Anthony Hope says he will not lecture in this country because he hasn't anything to lecture about and hasn't a good delivery. That sort of reasoning is unique and refreshing.

The Republicans denounce Bayard for his truthful remarks on McKinleyism, but there isn't a Republican in the country with aspirations for office above an alderman who dares to declare himself in favor of a return to the McKinley law.

Colonel Ike Hill, of Newark, Ohio, who has for so many years been a conspicuous figure about the National capitol, will have opposition for reelection to his old position. An Illinois statesman named Mohler is also a candidate, but the Ohio man claims he can defeat him hands down, and Isaac is a hustler, usually getting what he goes after.

Thos. B. Reed's troubles begin Monday. He will then attempt to distribute the plums in his basket without causing any recipent to grieve because his was not so large as his neighbors. It will be a great effort to conciliate all people by throwing sop to them. But after the distribution is over, those who only got small plums and those who got none at all will indignate together and make the Czar's life a burden by opposing his Presidential boom.

The Board of Health might do the public a service if they would devote as much attention to precautionary measures to restrain the spread of scarlet fever and diphtheria as they do to an effort to restrict the height of bill boards. Occasionally a high wind may blow a bill board down, and during the few minutes that boards are flying, a passing person might be injured. Failure to properly quarantine houses containing scarlet fever, diphtheria or other contagious disease, and to restrain the occupants of those houses, will cause such diseases to spread and may result in innoculating an entire community. These diseases are those which particularly attack the children, in many cases proving fatal to them. The children—God bless them—are entitled to the very first consideration. Mature people are able and competent to protect themselves against the flying pieces driven by the wind from a falling bill board, but our children are not able to protect themselves from the insidious germs of disease which may lurk about those who come direct from the sick room, and without disinfecting their clothing, are thrown in close contact with innocent, unsuspecting children to whom such contact may mean weary suffering or death. By all means let the Board of Health adopt positive measures in cases where weakness or indecision on their part may cause an epidemic of disease, or jeopardize the health and lives of the children.

EXPORTS INCREASING.

The increase of exports is a substantial symptom of a business improvement which the veriest pessimist cannot disregard. These people may prophesy all manner of evil because of the present tendency of gold to go abroad, it will not be amiss to watch the export figures a little. The exports for the month of October reached $87,017,240 as against $83,655,121 during October, 1894, a clear gain of $3,362,119. If this ratio of increase holds this alone may serve to check the gold export entirely or restrict it to harmless proportions. There is good reason to expect large exports during the remainder of the year, as this is the harvest season for nearly everything we export, including corn, cotton, fruit and provisions, as well as wheat and flour.

There is another hopeful feature revealed by the export figures, and that is an increase in the export of manufactured articles. For the first nine months of the calender year the export of manufactured goods was $145,793,586 against $133,378,609 during the same period in 1894. This gain of more than twelve millions may be insignificant in turning the financial trade balance in our favor, but it shows that the more liberal tariff laws now on the statute books, have made an export trade in American manufactures possible.

As it is not likely that there will be any important changes in our revenue laws during the next two years, this increase in the exports of manufactured goods should be maintained. In many lines we have gone beyond the limits of home consumption, and increased production must depend upon our ability to find an export market for the surplus.

The hand of destiny seems to point to the overthrow of imperialism and the establishment of a republic in Germany. If we were in Germany, we would at once be arrested, fined, imprisoned and made an awful example of for writing that sentence. But we are in free America, and we say what we think. When young William II ascended the throne, it was a matter of grief that Emperor Frederick, so kindly, moderate and liberal in his tendencies, could not have lived longer to rule over the people who loved him. But German republicans who understood the situation were satisfied. They declared that the accession of a rash, headstrong and arbitrary ruler like William would only hasten the downfall of monarchy. It is possible their expectations will be realized. Certainly the wholesale arrests and prosecutions for speaking disrespectfully of majesty, made, it is known, under the order of the emperor himself, will by the very tyranny of them gain adherents for the socialists more rapidly than anything else could do. The arrest of Professor Delbruck for making the very mild remark that he regretted the police had plunged into a pettifogging campaign against the socialists caused surprise even in Germany. The severe sentence of Dr. Liebknecht, too, gained sympathy for him.

The queer ideas they have of this country in Germany were illustrated in the letter received lately by the recorder of Hoboken, N. J. A German girl had migrated to America and been married. Her husband deserted her, and she went back to the paternal roof in the old country. Her father wrote the recorder asking him to send his daughter's marriage certificate, adding that his daughter would be fined if it was not put on file in Germany. Then this misguided father added, "Also kindly send me a divorce for her and I will pay what it costs, as they will never live together again." He evidently thought it was as easy to get a divorce as a marriage license in America.

The honors of his prospective office seem already to weigh heavily on Speaker-that-is-to-be Reed. He dodges about here and there and shuns Washington and other public places in order to keep away from those modest congressmen who are trying to be chairmen of committees. American congressmen are nothing if not modest. How many times around about the 1st of December Mr. Reed will wish himself safe in his white flannel suit skimming along the sands of the seashore on his steel steed! A "bike" is ever so much more fun than a speakership.

TRADE POINTERS.

Prices Generally Lower In All of the Principal Products.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—R. G. Dun & Company's weekly review of trade says: Business has not improved, though there is very little change except in the shrinkage of prices which a period of inaction naturally causes. After the extraordinary buying of the summer and early fall, a marked decrease was inevitable, and it is yet too early in most branches of business to judge how far the future was anticipated in purchases. Retail stocks are still reported full in nearly all branches, with delayed distribution in many on account of unfavorable weather. The movement of crops is only fair, both cotton and wheat being largely kept back in the hope of higher prices, and there is a prevalent feeling that foreign imports will fall off.

The wool business makes scarcely any gain, although clay worsteds are largely sold at the advanced prices recently made, and some dress goods and overcoatings at prices partly higher and partly lower.

The iron market is decidedly weaker again, and while Bessemer pig has declined to $12.85 at Pittsburg and Grey Forge to $12.25 and plates to $1.69 at Philadelphia, so that the average of all quotations is about half of 1 per cent lower than last week, the market's rally much weaker than the quotations, concessions are generally given by manufacturers in order to secure business. A sharp decline is noted in barbed wire, attributed to the failure to complete an expected combination. The bar iron association and the two nail associations refuse to reduce prices of their producers although the demand has been surprisingly reduced since the great advance two or three months ago.

The coke combination holds prices firmly, but it has been obliged to reduce its output to five days in the week, so that a decline of 10,380 tons for the week is recorded.

Offerings of copper are less urgent at 11 cents for lake, but tin is weaker at 4.25 cents, because of heavy supplies, while lead is a shade stronger at 3.37.

The western receipts of wheat continue larger than last year, for the week 4,505,201 bushels, against 3,565,404 a year ago, and for four weeks of November 29,902,512 bushels, against 15,880,078 last year. As before, Atlantic exports are relatively small, and for four weeks have been only 8,267,106 bushels, flour included, against 6,742,495 last year. It is evident that with such movements higher prices can hardly be expected, nor can the exchange situation be favorably affected.

Failures for the week have been 279 in the United States against 289 last year, and 47 in Canada against 36 last year.

MURDERED HIS RIVAL.

Dead Ringer For the Late Columbus Killing.

GREENVILLE, O., Nov. 30.—James Durant and John Bell, both colored, were in love with Susie Weaver, colored, about 14 miles west of here, just across the line in Indiana. Durant seemed to be Susie's choice. After a dance both filled themselves full of liquor. Bell accompanied Susie home. Later Durant appeared on the scene. A fight followed but neither was hurt. Susie fled early in the morning, leaving her lovers to settle their difficulty by themselves. Bell awoke first. Finding Durant still badly intoxicated he picked up an iron bar and brained him. Bell was arrested.

Knives, Pistols and Axes Used.

BLUEFIELD, W. Va., Nov. 30.—Thanksgiving was celebrated on Clinch Valley division of the Norfolk and Western railroad in Wise county, W. Va., by Frank Jackson giving an opossum supper. Nine colored men and five colored women attended the supper. They drank enough whisky to make them drunk. A fight took place with knives, axes and pistols. Two of the women and three of the men were wounded, one woman killed and two of the men will die. All are under arrest except Jackson, who escaped.

New Incorporations.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 30.—The following new concerns have been incorporated: The American Iron and Belt company, Cincinnati, increase of capital stock from $100,000 to $200,000; the Thomas L. Wayne Manufacturing company, Cincinnati, amendment changing name to the National Brass Manufacturing company; the Master Plumbers' association of Cincinnati.

Shot His Enemy Dead.

KNOXVILLE, Nov. 30. At a Thanksgiving celebration in Johnson county James Martin and Kirk Eller, who had long held a grudge against each other got into a fight. Martin drew his rifle on Eller and the latter shot him with a pistol. Martin lived a few hours. A mob gathered to lynch Eller, but he was landed safely in the Mountain City jail.

John at His Old Tricks Again.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 30.—A local paper prints a letter from Arizona signed John Doe in which the writer says he committed the murder for which Garland Stemler and Louis Mureno were lynched by a mob at Ureka, Cal., last August. Two other men were lynched at the same time.

Bad Freight Wreck.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., Nov. 30.—At Canterbury hill, on the Norfolk and Western railroad, a bad freight wreck occurred, in which Engineer Walter and Brakeman Hard were fatally, and several others seriously injured.

Unable to Land.

QUEENSTOWN, Nov. 30.—Owing to the severe weather prevailing off this coast the Cunard line steamship Campania from New York was unable to land her mail or passengers here, and proceeded for Liverpool.

Dropped Dead in Church.

BARNESVILLE, O., Nov. 30.—George W. Barnes dropped dead in the Methodist Episcopal church while listening to a sermon by Evangelist Sam Small.

Treasury Statement.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—The statement of the condition of the treasury shows: Available cash balance, $179,-145,149; gold reserve, $81,080,855.

A RELIGIOUS WAR

Cross and Crescent May Again Meet In Conflict.

THE PICTURE DEPLORABLE.

Priests Said to Be Inducing Their Followers to Embrace Islamism to Save Their Lives In the City of Erzerum.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 30.—Every report which reaches Constantinople not only confirms the stories of reported outrages but adds to the list of horrors recorded and swells the death roll by hundreds daily. Blood, fire and famine have been stalking unchecked, if not encouraged, throughout the Asiatic dominions of the Turk, and the hour, it is again said, cannot long be delayed when Europe must cry "halt" to the bloodthirsty infidel and the cross be upraised against the green banner of Mahomet.

From Erzeroum some additional news was forthcoming, but it only served to paint the picture blacker and redder. More attempts to exterminate the Christian population of that city and vicinity have been made, and the Armenians who survive are actually being induced by their priests to embrace Islamism to save their lives.

The last outbreak at Erzeroum, according to the official account of the affair, was of a trifling nature, only eight persons were killed and is attributed by the governor of Ezeroum to an encounter between agents of the tobacco internal revenue department and some smugglers.

The Armenian versions of the affair put an entirely different complexion upon the disturbance, saying the number of killed was much greater and that the rioting was occasioned by the Turks.

NEGROES LYNCHED.

Taken From a Tennessee Jail by a Mob and Hanged.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 30.—Joe Robinson and Ozias McGahey, both negroes, were taken from the jail at Fayetteville by a mob composed of people from Lincoln and Marshall counties and hanged. The negroes had been taken from Nashville to Lewisburg, Marshall county, yesterday morning, tried for attempted rape, convicted and sentenced to the full penalty of the law, and a train had been held to take them to Tracey City. En route, at Fayetteville, in the adjoining county, sympathizers of the Marshall county mob at the request of the mob, held up the train, forced a sidetracking of the car containing the sheriff and prisoners, over the protest of the leading citizens. The sheriff then placed the prisoners in jail, from which they were taken.

At 7:30 last night Governor Turney received a telegram from the sheriff calling for troops. At 8:15 a telephone message was received stating that the jail had been stormed and the prisoners lynched. Fayettville is 150 miles by rail from this city.

After the Socialists.

BERLIN, Nov. 30. The police have summarily closed 11 socialist clubs here, including six of the reichstag electoral clubs, the club of the Socialist press committee, that of the local committee of the Socialist party, the club of the Socialist party delegates and that of the central committee of the German Socialist party.

Action of Pennsylvania Miners.

PHILLIPSBURG, Pa., Nov. 30.—At a meeting of miners at Osceola Mills it was decided to send a committee into each of the regions competitive with the Beach Creek region, in order to have all the miners unite in a movement to bring about an advance in wages early next spring.

Mail Packet Disabled.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The mail packet Rapide, from Ostend, is anchored in the Goodwin, and is supposed to be in a disabled condition. Tugs left Dover at midnight to go to her assistance and no further news has been heard from her. There is a gale rising in those waters.

No News of the Missing Steamer.

TACOMA, Nov. 30.—Inquiry at the Northern Pacific steamship office reveals the fact that no tidings have been received from the missing steamer Strathnevis, which cleared for Yokohama Oct. 12. She is now 48 days out from Tacoma.

Deputies Summoned.

BERLIN, Nov. 30.—The Vorwaerts says that as an outcome of recent researches Deputies Liebknecht, Auer and Braun have been served with summonses. The police have searched Herr Seanger's residence.

Forming a New Cabinet.

LIMA, Peru, Nov. 30.—The members of the cabinet persist in their determination to resign in spite of President Pierola's appeal to them to retain office, and the president is now forming a new cabinet.

Hawaiian Minister Arrives.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—F. M. Hatch, the new minister from Hawaii, accompanied by his wife and children, arrived here yesterday.

Murderer Arrested.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 30.—Alexander Royal, who killed Jessie Simms yesterday morning, was captured late last evening and lodged in jail.

Shot His Wife.

MADISONVILLE, Ky., Nov. 30.—Den Oates, colored, shot and killed his wife because he thought her untrue.

Fell to His Death.

BOWLING GREEN, O., Nov. 30.—James Regan fell from the top of an oil derrick and was instantly killed.

CAUGHT WITH THE PLUNDER.

Negroes Arrested For the Murder of the Texas Hunting Party.

PARIS, Tex., Nov. 30.—United States deputies captured two negroes named Hickson and Lee, in the Indian Territory, with the property of the murdered hunters who were found dead on a boat near here last Saturday. There seems to be little doubt that they are the persons who killed the three men and boy, as the arms, clothes, guns and other belongings of the hunting party were found in their possession. The prisoners will be brought here.

GRAVE DESECRATED.

The Body Found In Dissecting Room of Wooster Medical College.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 30.—On Thanksgiving day morning the sexton of Calvary cemetery discovered that the grave of Mrs. Mary Malloy, who was buried on Tuesday, had been robbed and the body taken. He placed the case in the hands of the police, and detectives found the body in the dissecting room of Wooster Medical college. They arrested Henry Griffin, the janitor of the college, a button, apparently from his overcoat, having been found beside the grave.

BAD YANKEES.

Prominent Citizens Confess to Holding Up a Merchant.

PORTLAND, Me., Nov. 30.—Mayor H. Watson and Lester C. Sprague of Auburn called Charles B. Strout, a merchant in Lewiston, into his yard and asked him to tell them where his money was. Strout refused, and both men dealt him heavy blows on the head. They were arrested and have confessed. They are prominent citizens.

Railroad Lobbying.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—The Fifty-fourth congress promises to develop much sensational lobbying in the interest of the Union and Central Pacific railroads. In all probability more money will be spent by those controlling railroads than by the adherents of all the other schemes contrived.

A Terrible Battle.

MOUNT STERLING, Ky., Nov. 30.—A terrible battle took place at Hazel Green, Wolfe county, between John Williams and David Rose, two prominent and wealthy stock traders. Williams was killed and Rose is in a dying condition. They fell out during a settlement.

Got Nothing For Their Trouble.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Nov. 30.—Five miles north of Childress Thursday evening train No. 2 northbound on the Fort Worth and Denver was held up by two men. Superintendent Loode states that the robbers got nothing, as the messenger could not open the safe.

He Was Sorry.

DECATUR, Ill., Nov. 30.—Charles N. Smith, the ex-baseball player, was hanged at 11:53 a. m. He was pronounced dead in five and three-fourths minutes. When he was asked if he had a statement to make he said: "I am sorry for what I have done."

Beatrice Harradan Arrives.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—Beatrice Harradan, the author of "Ships That Pass In the Night," arrived in Lucania and will spend the winter in California. Her forthcoming book will have an English theme, but as yet she has not decided upon a title for it.

Broom Corn Burned.

ARCOLA, Ills., Nov. 30.—The broom corn warehouses of George N. Howell & Company of Philadelphia, and L. R. Chamber & Company of this city, was consumed by fire with about 500 tons of broom corn. Loss, $50,000.

Stuart After Corbett.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—Dan Stuart of Dallas was in the city last night on his way to New York, where he hopes to secure the signature of Jim Corbett to articles calling for a fight with Bob Fitzsimmons.

Indian Outbreak.

EL PASO, Tex., Nov. 30.—Reports reached here yesterday of a big Yaqui outbreak in northeastern Sonora. A number of citizens, including Americans, are reported killed. No further particulars.

Chili and Argentina Dispute Settled.

BUENOS AYRES, Nov. 30.—It is reported that all questions now pending between Argentina and Chili have been settled, and that the two countries will sign an agreement to restrict their armaments.

Officers Courtmartialed.

HAVANA, Nov. 30.—Lieutenant Fiejo and Sergeant Canovas, who surrendered Fort Pelayo without a proper defense, are undergoing a courtmartial. The fiscal asks that the death sentence be imposed.

Coal Barges Wrecked.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 30.—The Little Fred, with a tow of seven barges and two flats of coal, was wrecked at Deadman's riffle, completely blocking the channel, compelling the boats following to tie up.

Assaulted the Justice.

LANCASTER, O., Nov. 30.—William Bloom murderously assaulted Justice William E. Brown for issuing a warrant for his arrest for abusing Mr. Bloom. The justice's shoulder was dislocated.

Wages Raised.

NORTH LAWRENCE, O., Nov. 30.—The wages of the drivers employed in the Mogglewood mine here have been increased from $1 54 to $1 62½ per day.

Five Insurgents Killed.

HAVANA, Nov. 30.—A column of troops had a skirmish with a band of insurgents in Sancti Spiritus, killing five of them.

Portugal's New Minister.

LISBON, Nov. 30.—Senor Cyrillo Machado has been appointed Portuguese minister to the United States.

The Weather.

For Ohio and West Virginia—Generally fair, preceded by local showers in morning; northwesterly winds and colder.

For Indiana—Fair; colder; northerly winds.

NORTH CARO[LINA]...

Youths Organized ... der and ...

RALEIGH, Nov. ... rora, where J. B... prominent resident... that William C. ... Credle are under ar...

Credle confesses ... when Bonner was ... that Brantley did ... that Uriah Bell and ... latter only 16, we... also says that they ... bers to plunder sto... murder, if necessa... Cherry and Alexa... chants, were also t...

WORK O...

They Desecrate a G... Occ...

ALBANY, Nov. 30... mar are greatly ex... ish work of unkno... one night last week... of the wife of ex-C... E. Haswell, smash... breaking into the ... head of Mrs. Hasw... was made yesterday... medical students a... act.

ENTERPRISI...

She Is Charged Wi... Counte...

WELSH, W. Va.... United States mar... Mrs. Hanna Roll... county woman who... the authorities for ... charged with maki... ky and passing cou...

Smallpox ...

COLUMBUS, O., N... Probst of the state ... received official inf... break of smallpox i... reported is that of ... ployed in the Libb... was ordered to ti... and the house in ... under quarantine. ... sons were exposed.

Minister and W...

PLATTE CENTER, ... terday morning R... his wife were asp... their hard coal stov... found dead and h... when neighbors for... came from Louisvi... and are well kno... Several children r... have been notified.

The Dur...

SAN FRANCISCO, ... for Theodore Durra... sions of the court ... reading of the pris... which he based h... trial. More affidav... Monday before arg... is heard.

Horseshoers' Stri...

NEW YORK, Nov. ... probability that the ... smiths' and Bridge... the firms of J. B. ... Milliturn Brothers ... minating point, and ... early settlement of ...

The Tw...

NEW YORK, Nov. ... hall last night befo... audience, ex-Gover... nessee gave a lectu... of the South." ... Taylor, also spoke ... man's impression o...

Still a C...

WASHINGTON, N... agers of General H... one of the candida... house, deny that he ... the contest and e... geant-at-arms.

Wants a ...

PITTSBURG, Nov. ... S. Brown, the we... chant and turfman ... divorce from his wi...

The "Ossified...

BRYAN, Tex., Nov... the ossified man, ... back for seven yea... joint, is dead.

MARKET...

Grain and Stock Quo...

New ...

Beef—Family, $9 00@... @8 00; packed, $9 00@11... bellies, ... pickled hams, ... closed at $5 80. Po... 10 00; family, $12 75; ...

Butter—Western dai... ery, ... factor... imitation creamery, ... creamery, ... large, ... small, ... full skims, ... Pennsylvania, 23@25c ...

Wheat—66⅝c. Corn... —45@45.

Chi...

Cattle—Fair to best b... ers and feeders, $2 25... bulls, $1 50@3 75; Texa... $2 ...

Hogs—Light, $3 40@3... shipping, $3 55@3 ... $3 40@3 67½; heavy pac... @3 70; pigs, $2 25@3 ...

Sheep—Native, $1 75... 3 15; Texas, $1 60@2 75...

Wheat—58⅝c. Corn... —17⅝c.

Pitts...

Cattle—Prime, $4 3... bu ... $3 80@4 10; ... $1 50@3 ...

Hogs—Heavy, $3 65... 3 75; roughs, $2 75@3 2...

Sheep and lambs—Ch... common, $ 50@1 00; cl... exports, $3 10@3 50.

Cinci...

Wheat—No. 2 red, ... 29⅝c. Oats—No. 2 mix... 41c.

Lard—$5 45. Bulk m... $6 00.

Hogs—$3 00@3 65. C... —$3 00@3 50. Lambs—...

Buf...

Cattle—Market stead...

Hogs—Yorkers, $3 70... to good, $3 25@3 4... $3 80; pigs, $3 ...

Sheep and Lambs—F... prime, $2 50@2 75; com... lambs, $2 25@4 25. Ve...

To...

Wheat—61⅝c. Corn—... —No. 2 white, 17⅝c. ... $4 40.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

OLINA BANDITS

For Purpose of Murd Plunder.

30.—News from A... Bonner, its most ..., was murdered, ... Brantley and Dav... Crest.

... that he was present ... murdered, and says ... the shooting; also ... Sherrard Bell, the ... re also present. He ... were a band of ... res and people and ... ry, and that F ... nder Hudnell, ... be murdered.

F GHOULS.

rave and Behead ... paots.

—Residents of ... cited over the ghoul... wn miscreants, ... dug open the grave ... ounty Clerk William ... d the rough box, and ... casket removed ... vell. The discovery ... It is believed that ... re responsible for the

NO WOMAN.

... Moonshining and ... rfeiting.

..., Nov. 30.—Deputy ... rshals have arrested ..., a famous Logan ... has been wanted by ... several years. She is ... ing moonshine whis... nterfeit money.

In Toledo.

Nov. 30. — Secretary ... board of health has ... formation of an out... n Toledo. The case ... a 15-year old lad em... by glass works. He ... e smallpox hospital ... which he resided ... A number of per...

Wife Asphyxiated.

Neb., Nov. 30.—Yes... ev. A. Henrich and ... phyxiated by gas in ... e. Mr. Henrich was ... is wife was dying ... ced the door. They ... lle several years ago ... vn in many states ... eside in Denver and

rant Case.

Nov. 30.—Attorney ... ut occupied both ses... yesterday with the ... soner's affidavits on ... is claim for a new ... its will be presented ... ument of the motion

se May Be Settled.

30.—There is every ... strike of the House... man's union against ... & J. M. Connell and ... has reached its end ... the prospect of an ... the difficulty is good.

Taylors.

30.—At Chickering ... re a representative ... nor Taylor of Ten... n on the "Resources ... his brother, Alfred ... giving a southern ... f the north.

andidate.

ov. 30. — The man... enderson of Illinois, ... ates for clerk of the ... will withdraw from ... ter the race for ser...

Divorce.

30.—Captain Samuel ... ll known coal mer... , has applied for a ... fe.

d Man" Dead.

. 30. S. C. Martin, ... who had lain on his ... rs unable to move a

REPORTS.

Quotations For Nov. 29.

York.

... 11 50; extra mess, ... Cut meats—Pickled ... shoulders, ... Lard—Western steam ... Old mess, $9 50 ... clear, $12 00@14 00 ... 11@16c; do creamery, ... Elgins, 25½c; ... state dairy, 12 ... Cheese — State ... part skims, ... Eggs—State and ... western fresh, 21 ...

... Oats—23c. Rye

ago.

... $3 15@4 00; stock ... 70; mixed cows and ... $2 75@3 50; western

... rough packing and ... mixed and butchers', ... king and shipping, $3 55

... $3 25; western, $2 00 ... Lambs—$3 00@4 40. ... Rye—36c. Oats

burg.

... 50; fair to good ... bulls, cows and stags, ...

... $3 70; medium, $3 70 ...

... ice sheep, $3 10@3 50; ... ice lambs, $2 00@4 00

... nnati.

... Corn—No. 2 mixed, ... 21½c. Rye—No. 2, ...

... eats—$4 62½. Bacon—

... attle—$3 65@4 15. Sheep ... $4 00@4 50.

... falo.

... ly. ... 75; roughs, common ... mediums and heavies,

... Extras, $2 75@3 15; good ... medium, ... 00; spring ... calves, $5 00@6 75.

... ledo.

... No. 2 mixed, 28½c. Oats ... Rye—39c. Cloverseed—

HOT CAKES

A plate of delicious hot buckwheat cakes made with Larrowe's Country Buckwheat, makes a breakfast worth getting up early for. The purest buckwheat possible to produce because it's all buckwheat. Grown in the country, ground in the country, sent sealed from the country to you.

Your dealer has it in two, five, or ten pound packages, or write to

LARROWE MILLING CO., Limited, COHOCTON, N. Y.

Fur Capes!

From now until Christmas at a

Great Reduction Sale!

Every one must go: prices no object

ALASKA FUR HOUSE,

SUSSMANN & HOFFMANN, 403-405 Adams St.

Manufacturing Furriers. TOLEDO, O.

FAUROT'S OPERA HOUSE.

Saturday Night, Nov. 30th.

FIELDS & HANSONS,

DRAWING CARDS.

The Greatest Specialty Company in America. Headed by

FIELDS & HANSONS
Emperors of Musical Comedy.

JOE FLYNN.
The man who wrote down went McGinty.

PHILLIS ALLEN,
The Great Contralto

CHAS. GILLETTO,
WATSON SISTERS,
MONS LaFLEVER.
CARROLL and HINDES,
L LOR and CHESIER.

And 20 others. This Company never plays one night stands, but are secured here on a guarantee. Don't fail to see them. Lima never had such a show.

Seats at Box Office. Prices as usual.

FAUROT OPERA HOUSE.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3rd

The Acme of Stage Realism.

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL,

Produced with a car load of special Scenery and Mechanical effects.

SEE
The Union Depot Baltimore.
Burning Telegraphs,
Working Distillery
Midnight Special.

Supported by a strong cast of well known people.

Prices as usual. Seats at Box Office.

If you have never used

JAPAN-O-LENE

The best modern silver polish, give it a trial. Druggists and grocers have it. Price, 15 cents.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

Gathered at the Young Men's Building.

Study of the Sunday School lesson to-night at 7 o'clock sharp—an informal, practical study, to which all interested are cordially invited.

Bible training classes meet to-morrow as follows: No. 2 at 8:45 a. m. and No. 2 at 2:15 p. m. All members should be present.

The men's meeting to-morrow is sure to be interesting. Rev. S Baumgardner will deliver an address to men. F. W. Holmes sings a solo. All men are cordially invited.

A dose that is always seasonable is a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator, the "King of Liver Medicines." It keeps the liver active; the bowels regular; prevents Biliousness; and promotes digestion. In fact helps keeps you well. "I have watched its effects in families where I have practiced, and find it admirable, both alterative and tonic in its action."—Dr. T. W. Mason, Macon, Ga.

With every 50 cent purchase Hoover Bros. give you a ticket on 50 prizes, valued at $750 00.

Young Friends Surprised Her.

Miss Flora Vernon was surprised Thursday evening by about twenty of her young friends, at the home of Mr. and Mr. D. W. Linson, on east Elm street, where she has been stopping, the occasion being her 18th birthday. A pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present. Miss Vernon will leave Monday for her future home in Findlay.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

HE WAS UNGRATEFUL.

A Befriended Colored Boy Steals Money from his Benefactress.

Some time ago a colored boy known as Josephus Greenwood, and who claimed to be in search of some means of earning a livelihood, was employed by Mrs. M. C. Baxter to do some work about her home. Yesterday afternoon while the young man was in the house Mrs. Baxter left her pocket book lying on a mantle and went to receive a caller. Afterwards she discovered that the pocket book and the colored fellow were both missing. The pocket book contained $5 in money and a check for $14. Payment of the check has been stopped but the colored boy has not been arrested.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

Of the B P. O. E. Will Be Held To-morrow Afternoon.

The Annual Lodge of Sorrow of the B. P. O. E. will be held in Faurot's Opera House to-morrow afternoon commencing at 3:30 o'clock.

The doors will be open at 3 o'clock and admission free. The Elks extend a most cordial invitation to the public to attend.

COURT HOUSE NEWS.

NEW CASES.

David Fisher vs Mariah McPherron and Jacob J. McPherron. Transcript.

CASES ASSIGNED.

The following cases were assigned this morning for next week:

James J. Ogden vs. the TIMES-DEMOCRAT Publishing Co., Tuesday. (This is the first of the "mental anguish" suits.)

Theresia Thatcher vs. Joseph Morris, Thursday.

Cora Robinson vs. the city of Lima. Saturday.

WANTS DIVORCE.

Mary Langan has sued Joshua Langan for divorce and alimony. The persons interested were in consultation to-day, trying to agree on alimony.

PROBATE COURT.

A petition was filed by A. L Jacobs and Mary Jacobs to adopt Nellie Hempsed.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Wm. A. Hager and Navini Baker. Burdett F. Hall and Eda C. Hall.

"The Midnight Special."

The Faurot opera house will have for its attraction on next Tuesday evening one of the finest melo-dramatic productions of the season. Everywhere it has been presented it has immediately jumped into popular favor. The name of the play is "The Midnight Special"—an entire new railroad piece, very different from anything ever before produced. The scenic and mechanical effects, of which there is a car load, are considered to be the finest ever witnessed in such production. The company is unsurpassed for excellent work.

"The Midnight Special," one of the new and distinctive successes of the season, opened at Niblo's Theatre Monday evening, to the capacity of even that capacious house. Cheers, applause unlimited and enthusiasm were the order of the evening. "The Midnight Special" is undoubtedly one of the strongest melo-dramas on the road to-day. Joined to a coherent and thrilling plot are all the scenic embellishments and novel effects that human ingenuity can devise. The second act—a perfect reproduction of the Grand Union Depot at Baltimore- is without exception the finest setting of the kind ever seen upon the stage. A practical passenger car, every railroad effect that can be devised, and fifty supers complete the realism. The great distillery scene and the burning telegraph office set the gallery wild. Of the cast it is but just to say it far exceeds the cast of modern melo-dramas. "The Midnight Special" can safely be set down as one of the record-breakers and money-winners of the season.—*New York Dramatic News.*

Notice to Sunday School Workers.

The Allen County S. S. Association will hold the fall semi-annual convention at Bluffton, Saturday and Sunday, December 7-8. A good program has been prepared, and able speakers engaged to carry out in full the exercises. Col. Rob't Cowden, of Dayton, Ohio, the State superintendent of normal department, will be present during the entire convention. Teachers, workers and superintendents throughout the county should attend, as it will be largely a teaching convention. The Sunday schools of our county should select delegates the coming Sabbath to attend. There should be an uplifting in the work. Bluffton people will entertain all regular delegates.

J. H. DAGUE, Pres.

P. R. KERR, Secy.

BILL BOARDS.

City Council will be Requested to Regulate Them.

Board of Health Takes More Severe Action on Bill Boards Than Scarlet Fever.

The municipal bodies of this city seemed to have been attacked recently with a desire to make war upon the bill boards. Last Monday night the city council passed a motion instructing the city clerk to notify Manager Livermore of the opera house, to remove all loose bill boards from the public streets, and the chief of police was instructed to see that the notice was observed. Last night at the meeting of the Board of Health, the members of the latter body discussed their authority to regulate the height and location of the large bill boards, most of which were blown down by the wind storm last Monday night.

The action of the city council relates to the small boards, each about three feet square, which are decorated with lithographs of coming attractions and placed at street corners, against lamp posts or in other conspicuous places. In many instances the boards are fastened down by a wire or otherwise, but occasionally one is left resting against a building. The objections made by the councilmen were that these boards are generally unsightly and sometime frighten horses by being blown into the street.

The question of the larger stands was brought up in the Board of Health meeting last night by Mr. Moore, who stated that his attention was called to the fact that the boards were dangerous by the manner in which they were blown into the streets last Monday night. He said that there was considerable weight in some of the stands, and pedestrians were likely to be injured by them in windy weather.

The mayor did not think that the Board of Health had authority to regulate the location of such stands, and believed that the locations were leased by the owners of the boards. He requested that some member of the city council be requested to bring the question before that body.

Mr. Moore said that they did not want to deprive the opera house management of means of advertising, but thought that at least the height of the stands should be regulated by a city ordinance.

The discussion ended in a motion instructing the clerk to request the council to take some action in the matter.

SABBATH SERVICES.

EPWORTH M. E. CHURCH.

Sunday school 9 a. m.; class 10 a. m.; Junior League 3 p. m.; Epworth League 6 p. m; preaching 7 p. m., by pastor. Free address before Junior League Tuesday at 7 p. m., by Rev. Kemp, missionary from Africa.

E. T. DAILY, Pastor.

GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH.

Sunday school as usual at 9 a. m; sermon and the celebration of the Lord's supper at 10 a. m; C. E. at 6 p. m.; preaching at 7 p m.

C BAUM, Pastor.

The Union Mission have moved their place of meeting to the north room in the Finch block, just south of Main street bridge and will hold the following meetings the coming week: Sunrise meeting Sabbath morning, 7 a. m; Sabbath School, 2 p. m.; Praise meeting, 3 p. m; Revival meeting 7 p m; Holiness meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock; Prayer meeting Friday evening at 7. All are welcome.

TRINITY M. E. CHURCH.

General Class 9 a. m. Preaching 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Subject of the evening, "Changing our Glory into the Similitude of an Ox that Eateth Grass." Bible School 11:30 a. m; Epworth League 6 p. m. The people invited.

J. H. BETHARDS, Pastor.

GENERAL SYNOD LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Corner west Spring and Pierce streets. Sunday School 9 a. m. Public Worship at 10:15 a. m. and 7 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6 p. m. All are invited.

I. J. MILLER, Pastor.

CALVARY REFORMED CHURCH.

Corner High and Cemetery street. Preaching 10 a. m., "He Cometh"; 7 p. m., "Near the Kingdom". 3 p. m. Sunday School. Prayer meeting Thursday evening 7 p. m. All please note the change of time of the midweek service and bring your Bibles to this service.

DANIEL BURGHALTER, Pastor.

MARKET STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Corner west Market and West streets. The Pastor, Rev. R. J. Thomson, will preach. Subject at 10 a. m., "Honor in Obscure Life." At 7 p. m. the Sermon on the Mount. Subject, "Fasting and Cheerfulness in Religion." Sunday School 11:30 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6 p. m. All worshippers freely welcomed.

GRACE M. E. CHURCH.

Sunday School at 9 a. m; Sermon 10 a. m.; Class Meeting 11 a. m; Epworth League meeting 6 p. m. Subject "What Has Christ Done For Me?" by Frank Houtzer. Preaching at 7 p. m. All welcome.

S. BAUMGARDNER, Pastor.

CHRIST CHURCH.

Corner North and West streets. Morning Prayer, Sermon and Holy Communion 10 a. m. Sunday School 11:30 a. m. Evening prayer and sermon at 7 p. m. All strangers welcome. Woman's Working Guild meeting on Tuesday afternoon. Young ladies' Guild on Friday afternoon.

REV. C. B. CRAWFORD, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. I. G. Swanson, the new Pastor, will preach at 10 a. m. Sacred concert at 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 11:30 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6 p. m. All welcome. Seats free.

MAIN STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sabbath school 9 a. m. Thanksgiving sermon 10:15. Mission School at Solarville at 2 p. m. Junior Endeavor at 2:30. Senior C. E. at 6 p. m., and Sermon at 7 on "Paul's First Lecture." Gospel service at 7 Thursday evening. All made welcome.

W. G SMITH, Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Tanner street. Rev. J. H. Hunton, pastor. December 1st, first Sunday in Advent—worship and sermon at 10:15 a. m.; Sunday School at 9 a. m.; Young People's Luther Society at 6 p. m. Services at Trinity church, Elida, at 2 p. m. All are invited to these services.

STREET TALK.

Rev. I. G. Swanson, the new pastor of the Congregational church, will commence his pastorate to-morrow.

* *

The TIMES-DEMOCRAT telegraphic columns a few days ago contained the announcement of a medal of honor being awarded to James C. Walker, late private company K, Thirty-first Ohio Veteran Infancy, for most distinguished gallantry in action at Mission Ridge, Tenn., Nov. 25, 1863, this soldier voluntarily carrying the regimental flag in a charge in which the flag received eighty-nine bullet marks and the staff ten.

Mr. John Thomas, of Thomas & Hoyer, was a member of the same company and was color guard. He marched beside Walker and in speaking of the account of the award, said there was no telling how many bullets were fired at them as only those which struck the flag or staff could be counted. There was a perfect hail of lead but the flag was not shot down.

* *

Foster says the next disturbance will reach the Pacific coast about December 3, cross west of the Rockies' country by the close of the 4th, great central valley from the 5th to 7th, and eastern states the 15th. This disturbance will probably cause the warmest weather of the month, and for the whole United States the precipitations will average below normal, heavy rains and snows falling in only limited localities.

* *

The trustees of the Ohio Odd Fellows' Home have decided in favor of the erection of a $50,000 administration building instead of a series of cottages at Springfield. There has been quite a contest in the order over the matter. Details will be settled at the meeting of the Grand Lodge in this city next May.

* *

"The rains of the past few weeks have placed us in excellent shape," said secretary H. B. Hackedorn, of the water works. "The upper reservoir has been thoroughly washed out and filled again with an abundance of good water, so we are reasonably safe of no famine in our line this winter."

* *

The monthly subscription to the balcony fund of Market Street Presbyterian church for December, will be made at the morning service, Sunday, Dec. 1st.

* *

The coal used on this division of the P., Ft. W. & C. road is drawn from sixteen distinct sources, each differing in some manner from the other. This difference, chiefly in the heating and lasting qualities of the fuel, is sometimes the source of much annoyance and expense to the company, and it has been decided to investigate the matter thoroughly and discard that which is inferior and in the future use only the good. With this end in view the company, at its shop in Ft. Wayne, is preparing to test the coal, each variety to be treated separately and put through three tests.

AMONG THE RAILROADS.

Chas. Grosverner, a C. H. & D. brakeman, was married on Thanksgiving day, a Piqua young lady becoming his bride. The young couple came to this city the same evening, and went to their own home at 698 north Elizabeth street, where the groom had a house furnished for their reception.

LIMA NORTHERN APPOINTMENTS.

D. R. Hurst, who has served as general yardmaster for the L. E. & W. here for several months, has accepted a position as conductor on the Lima Northern. Ed Andrews, also of this city, who has been handling baggage and express on trains No. 2 and No. 3 on the Lima Line, has also been promoted to a conductor, and he and Mr. Hurst will both run construction trains on the Lima Northern. Will Reed, driver for the American Express Co., has succeeded Andrews on the passenger run and Grant Williams, formerly of the Adams Express office, has succeeded Reed.

With every 50 cent purchase Hoover Bros. give you a ticket on 50 prizes, valued at $750.00

HAD HIS NERVE.

A Bold Thief Steals Harry Langan's Best Overcoat.

About 6 o'clock last evening a bold theft was committed at the residence of James L. Langan, on north West street. The family were at supper when they heard the front door open, but supposing a neighbor was entering, no one arose from the table immediately. No one came into the room, and going into the hall, Harry found the front door open and could see no one, but soon discovered that a new overcoat which he had left lying on a chair near the door, was gone.

The theft was immediately reported to the police, but no trace of the thief has yet been discovered.

DOWN TWO CENTS.

Eastern Oil Tumbles but Lima Holds Its Own.

Eastern oil declined two cents this morning, making the prices now as follows:

Tiona, $1.55; Pennsylvansa, $1.45; Barnesville, $1.35; Corning, $1.30, and New Castle, $1.20.

Lima oil is unchanged.

SHERRIDEN BROS. LUCK.

Sherriden Bros. have completed a good well on the Dan Bowsher farm, northwest of Cridersville. It made two good flows yesterday evening after being drilled in.

Elected Officers.

Allen Lodge 223, I. O. O. F., and Ohio Encompment, I. O. O. F., have elected the following offices:

Lodge officers: S. Butler, N G; J F. Wright, V. G; W. A. Kincaid, Rec. Sec.; O. P. Stoner, Per. Sec.; H. C. Bolton, Treas., and John Watts, A. L. Wolf, J. B. Driver, Trustees.

Encampment officers: C. M. Lindle, H. P.; J. W. Simpson, S. W.; L Wheeler, J. W.; W. A. Kincaid, Scribe; H. C. Bolton, Treasurer, and J. B. Watts, A. Warner, D. Baker, Trustees.

Turkey Lunch

and Saurkraut at 407 north Main street to-night.

Program of Thanksgiving Praise Service.

In the Congregational church, December 1st.

Voluntary .... Miss Mayme Peat
Doxology
Evening Lesson and Prayer
Anthem, "Make a Joyful Noise" ... Caleb Simper
Soprano Solo, "In Humility" ... Miss McKibben
Address ...... Rev I J Swanson, Pastor elect
Trio "God Be Merciful" .... Perry
Robert Peat, Mary Evans, Thomas Peat
Anthem, "Jerusalem, My Happy Home" ......
.... L Mason
Tenor Solo, "The Chorister," .... Mr Trench
Anthem, "Sing Unto God With a Voice of Thanksgiving" .... Edwyn A Clare

THE HERMIT OF THE MINE.

Old Abe Is Living to Square Things For the Judgment Day.

Just after leaving Evansville and some distance to the right there will be noticed a good sized hill. It is between the gulch and Mount Zion, and all along the edge there are little tunnel sites, which have all been abandoned. The reason for their abandonment is simply this—no solid formation exists there if a tunnel were to bore into the earth for 1,000 feet because the whole mass is a glacial moraine, the debris brought down by the mighty glacier that plowed its way through Big Evans' gulch in prehistoric days. But between the moraine and Mount Zion there lies a basin—a wild, only partially explored region — filled with scrubby undergrowth and an occasional clump of pines. In here, hidden amid a dense growth of timber, is a pretty lake covering several acres. It is a wild, unfrequented spot and is really one of the sources of the Arkansas or at least one of its tributary creeks, and is a beautiful, limpid sheet of water tenanted only by the finny tribe, who have in some mysterious manner found their way to this secluded spot.

Strictly speaking the region is uninhabited, the only denizen, however, being an old fellow familiarly known as Old Abe. His family name seems to be unknown, and as he does not appear to be in any voting precinct the people about Evansville know nothing about him. He seems to have been entirely overlooked by the census taker, and, strange to say, not even a candidate for office has ever sought out this hoary hermit in order to secure his vote. The old man occasionally comes to town, and when he does it is with a little bottle of gold amalgam, which he usually sells to an assayer, the mass of dull colored metal being exchanged for bright goldpieces. After loading up his jack with a good supply of provisions, a few pounds of "bacey" and possibly a fresh ... of flies and some ammunition Old Abe returns to his little cabin on the shore of the lake.

He doesn't cultivate visitors. In fact, long residence in that vicinity has given Old Abe a sort of Robinson Crusoe title to the property, and he dislikes intruders on his preserves. There is evidently a placer ground in the neighborhood of the lake where Old Abe does his digging, but the exact location does not seem to be known, although parties have visited the mine and panned the dirt in the neighborhood.

The old man, so it is learned from a merchant who sells him most of his goods, sends a certain amount of money away each year. The merchant, on handing him change one day, asked him what he did with the extra money. Old Abe answered that he was in the habit of sending most of it east. He had a wife and child in the east, he volunteered, but when asked why he did not bring them out here the old man smiled a weary smile and said: "It's a long story, and I haven't the heart to tell it. Some day perhaps you'll know."

Old Abe has some sins to answer for, and he's trying to clear up his record a little for the judgment day. It may or it may not do the business, but a man can only try and do his best.

"I've got a few years of life left, and I'm trying to do the square thing to those I once wronged."

The old man seemed averse to saying much about his early history and went on his way with a jack as aged and gray as himself.—Leadville Herald-Democrat.

THE SECRET OF A BEAUTIFUL SKIN IS FOUND IN CUTICURA SOAP

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

ENGLISH STREET DOCTORS.

They Make a Good Living Peddling Their All Curing Pills.

"Yes, guv'ner, some on us make a lot o' money at street doctorin, an some on us don't," said a medical practitioner, as he styled himself, to a newspaper man who was passing along the Whitechapel road. The street doctor in question was one of those who could afford a horse and trap, decorated with gorgeous colors and elaborate lamps, and an assistant, who helped to pull out teeth and hand pills and medicine to purchasers.

"In my case, I am glad to say I make something out of the business. But you can't do anything with it unless you've plenty of cheek. It's cheek as does it, and no mistake. I guess I makes on an average durin the summer season, in Whitechapel an at country fairs, at least £6 a week. Sometimes I makes much more. At Oldham I once drew £8 a day. I was sellin a compound pill, warranted to cure anything, except broken limbs. But I knew a man who did even better than this. He once had a week durin the summer of 1854 when he made £10 each day.

"Wet weather is a bad time for us, as then nobody ventures out to buy. I've sometimes only drawn threepence in a day, an all this time had the expense of a man an trap to stand. I remember once makin only three an six for two weeks runnin.

"Of course there is a lot o' profit in the business. My pills aren't dear, an as I sell them at a penny each, or a shillin a box, you can see there's plenty o' money to be made in the business."—London Correspondent.

Seen In Westminster Abbey.

The Duchess of Buckinghamshire's effigy stands in Westminster abbey magnificently dressed in the splendid brocaded gown she wore at the coronation of George II, just as for many years it stood at the great tomb of her husband. With her is her little son, who died at the age of 3, quaintly clothed in a long red coat reaching to his heels. Next to her is the beautiful Mary, duchess of Richmond, known as la belle Stuart, her figure dressed "in the very robes her grace wore at the coronation of Queen Anne." She is said to have sat for the figure of Britannia on the coins issued in 1665. Her faithful parrot, who lived with her for upward of 40 years, and who died of grief a few days after the death of his mistress, occupies a perch in the same case and enjoys the privilege of a resting place in Westminster, the only one of his race so honored. —Journal of American Folklore.

Want a Change of Venue.

ROCKVILLE, Ind., Nov. 30.—The attorney of the Keller tribe, who are charged with the murder of Clara Shanks last July, has asked for a change of venue.

Turkey Lunch

and Saurkraut at 407 north Main street to-night.

WANTED.

WANTED—Good girl; small family; good wages. Inquire at 508 west Market St. tf MRS. J. C. THOMPSON.

FOR SALE—Lot on Greenlawn avenue; cheap. Also money to loan on approved security. tf BROTHERTON & BROTHERTON.

AGENTS—A snap for you. Sales immense. Big pay. Will cost you nothing to ... the business. No samples needed. Address: HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTY CO., 175 Cincinnati, Ohio.

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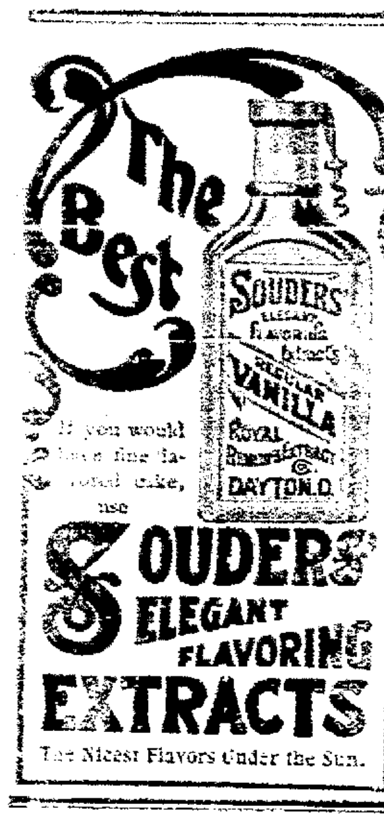


A Book For Soldiers, 1587.

"The Pathway to Military Discipline" was written by Barnaby Rich, soldier (1587), wherein there appears a new word lately borrowed from Italy—fantry, or what we now call infantry. A year or two later there appeared a posthumous work on "The Art of War," by William Garrard, gentleman, "who served the king of Spain in his wars 14 years and died in 1587." A very fierce critic is Mr. William Garrard, remorseless in condemning the backwardness of military England. Archers, he boldly says (anticipating Captain Dalgetty by some 60 years), are obsolete, and the halberd nearly as old fashioned as the bow.

There are really but two weapons—for the tall man the pike, for the little, nimble man the "piece"—that is, the arquebus. And of all pieces those made at Milan are the best, though the English pieces (always excepting those that are made by a commercial nation for common sale) approach very near to them. But when we turn from the weapon to the equipment the English are sadly behind the times. All other nations use flasks and metal cartridges wherein to carry their powder, but the careless English actually use their pockets, which practice adds the indignant Garrard, "in respect of the danger of the sparks of their match, the uncertain charge, the expense and spoil of powder and the discommodity of wet, I account more apt for the show of a triumph and wanton skirmish before ladies and gentlewomen." — Macmillan's Magazine.

HOW TO PREVENT CROUP.

SOME READING THAT WILL PROVE INTERESTING TO YOUNG MOTHERS. HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THE DISEASE.

Croup is a terror to young mothers and to post them concerning the cause, first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The origin of croup is a common cold. Children who are subject to it take cold very easily and croup is almost sure to follow. The first symptom is hoarseness; this is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough, which is easily recognized and will never be forgotten by one who has heard it. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given all tendency to croup will soon disappear. Even after the croupy cough has developed it will prevent the attack. There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Melville Bros., next to p. o. and C. W. Heister, 58 public square.

The House Penn Built.

One of the oldest buildings of the number of ante-Revolutionary structures that still remain standing in Philadelphia occupies a conspicuous position on the northeast corner of Second and Walnut streets. The old building is nearly if not quite 200 years old, and it is claimed by some authorities that it was built by William Penn. John Penn, it is claimed, was born in the house. For many decades it has been occupied as a gun smithy and fishing tackle establishment, as long ago as 1815 such business having been started there. The business is now conducted by John T. Siner, who has been in the store since 1843, and he is himself one of the most picturesque figures of the neighborhood, hale and hearty at 74. He has in his possession a deed dated 1784, in which the owners of the corner building guaranteed the use of the party wall for the erection of the building adjoining on Walnut street, which is also still standing.—Philadelphia Record.

Good advice: Never leave the house on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Melville Bros., next to p. o., and C. W. Heister, 58 public square.

YOU ought to know that when suffering from any kidney trouble that a safe, sure remedy is the Clinic Kidney Cure Guaranteed or money refunded. Vortkamp, n e cor Main and North streets.

MY HANDLE BARS.

Men have sung of [illegible] and pleasure,
Sung of fame and [illegible],
And they've told us that in [illegible] there is joy [illegible].
But I [illegible] a [illegible] that thrills me,
[illegible]
[illegible] of joy I feel at morning as I grasp my handle bars.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] each muscle as I push the [illegible]
[illegible] I [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] with his [illegible] and his crown.

I have climbed [illegible];
I have [illegible],
And I've [illegible] sunset from the [illegible] stars.
But my heart [illegible] no higher,
[illegible]
That I [illegible] each morning bending o'er my handle bars.

[illegible]
[illegible]
Through the [illegible] music, I have watched the rising stars.
But the laughter of the ripples
[illegible]
From the ringing [illegible] just beneath my handle bars.

Oh, the glory of the finish
As my [illegible] foes diminish
And my old pneumatic triumphs, though she bears a hundred scars!
Oh, each spoke with joy is singing,
And a thousand throats are ringing
As I make that last half quarter with my breast on handle bars.

—E. J. Wilson.

THE DESERTER.

"Dana!" It was a woman's voice, and it rose from the river. Cronin started. When a voice lies so nasty on the conscience that it becomes audible, it is bad company for a man who is much alone. Cronin held his hand to his ear to intensify the sound. "Dana!" The woman called again. She knew his real name, and was standing near the water. Cronin halted half way down the cobble trail, but the foliage hid the figure. "Dana!" The voice rose now above the gurgle of the water, pitched as of old, in plaintive, unpleasant accent.

It had haunted all the loneliness of four years' desert service, which had freed him from the person of its possessor, and now it sounded like the soul cry of a dead reproach, haunting and helpless.

He stepped on the bed of bowlders at the base of the rapids where the figure stood outlined against the current. The face was there, framed in the foliage. It was more than four years older and very pale under the shadows of the willows.

"What madness brings you here, Ellen?" he said at length.

"The one that you kindled and shared for awhile," she replied. There was no bitterness in her voice, but there was all the weariness of the miles she had traveled and the silent reproach of her own uncomplaint. She smiled sadly. "I am not come to upbraid you or to ask you to relight ashes that won't burn. I have come to be near you. I have come very far, and I am very tired."

She stumbled toward him with extended arms. He caught her hands without tenderness to prevent her falling on the slippery stones, and led her to a seat on the bank.

"How did you track me here? Did Dalton tell you I had enlisted in the army?"

He was angry at the thought a comrade had betrayed him.

"No one told me. I don't know Dalton," she said simply.

"Then how did you ferret me out?"

His anger was toward the woman now.

"Through your picture drawn by Remington in the magazine. 'Sergeant Cronin Rescuing a Wounded Comrade In the Cimarron.'"

He ignored this unearthed compliment to courage and hurried on.

"The idea of your coming here is insane!"

"Why insane?"

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to stay."

"Going to stay! Stay where?"

"To stay here."

"Then the idea is more than insane. It is impossible."

"Why is it impossible? I am independent, and utterly alone now. What matter where I stay?"

"Because this is not a post. This is a military cantonment, where women are not allowed. Where did you spend the night?"

"Below here on the river with a Mexican girl called Marta."

Cronin drew his hand across his face to destroy a vision.

"No! No!" he answered vehemently. "You must leave! You must go back."

"You are very hard. I wanted to see you and have traveled far. I have the right to know if time brings change. Your going was all a mistake, Dana, all a hideous mistake! I saw your courage in the picture, and have come to worship it near, if need be unnoticed by you. Oh! You are brave and will bear with a woman who exacts nothing and for love of you has suffered much!"

Cronin felt that he could not face the incoherence of hysteria and tears. He hurried on to preserve the velocity of anger.

"It is pitiless to me and to yourself to hound and pursue me. You know that it is all ended and that I cannot bear to see your face. Your presence drove me from my first career. To escape you I entered the service and accepted the shame of an assumed name. I tell you there is no change. Go! Go!"

"Perhaps you forget that you needlessly entangled my life at its girl's beginning?"

Her voice was infinite in sadness—as sad as wasted years.

Then suddenly a new hope seized her. Money, inconsequent to her, might have a hidden value. With a joy without shame she hastened to say, "I can make amends."

She drew a purse from her bosom and extended it eagerly. "I am independent. I am wealthy now. Take this and return to your career."

Cronin flushed hotly and recoiled from the blow.

"Go!" he repeated harshly. "Your presence here will drive me to desertion. There is nothing more between us, and I tell you there is no change!"

The hope in her face faded and the woman sat stunned. Before she could reply Cronin had gone up the hill. From the crest he saw her still sitting by the river's edge, staring stupidly into the current.

On the mesa he overtook Marta walking toward the cavalry corral. Her swift steps, unperceived, had preceded him up the trail.

"Oh, Marta! mi Estrella!"

"Oh, Jorge! Porque no es 'a Caballo?"

"Because I hoped to meet you and my horse would be in the way," he said gayly.

"You have the beautiful American now. You have no need of Marta!"

"What, my heart? My star eyed one already jealous! But I forgive you, for you have been a guardian angel to my sister in her foolish surprise visit."

"Does one's sister cross the Sonado to see a brother?"

She ignored the assurances she sought and perversely continued her teasing. "Northern birds return in the spring. Shall I wait until the lark is gone, or do you propose going with her?" They spoke in Spanish, for Marta knew only the language of her land.

"I am going with you," he replied. "In six months, when discharged, I shall take you to Sonora. It is bad luck to jest about a journey."

"Ay de mi, six months is a long time when one is young and"— Here her dark eyes searched his face with their full light until the sweep of black, long lashes intercepted the burning message. Cronin would have caught and kissed her, but the cantonment was already close across the mesa. Holding her face near to his she said very quickly, "Why wait for discharge? Go with me tonight. I can guide you to the border and they do not cross the line."

Her black eyes blazed, snapping in the sunlight, and her whole being was eager with the tremulous earnestness of woman exacting a material proof of love. To this molten little savage with the sunshine dancing in her veins the crime counted for nothing if it proved his love.

There are moments when a man is frightened by the very abandon of woman's affection, and then he will pause, to his own peril. Cronin was unprepared for this crisis in affection and wanted to gain time. "Wait five days," he said. "I will come for you then." He was calculating the consequences of desertion.

Marta's face fell, her lips moved in that dry way as when one swallows nothing, and Cronin saw that he had failed. As he turned to enter the compound he watched her retreating figure. She was singing a familiar song, and today it had an open meaning:

The lark flies south when the leaves are sere;
The lark flies north when they reappear,
Like a love that flits from year to year—
The desert dove is constant.
This winter and spring and early fall
Through the vibrant heat I hear her call,
A love forever and all in all—
The desert dove is constant.

Dalton had no sympathy for deserters. He disliked the duty because he disliked the role of detective, being a soldier, and he and Cronin had been comrades.

First he had to visit Varou's and pick up the trail, for Jenkins on "herd guard" had seen Cronin near the river and later had met a white woman near the focal. From Varou he learned things which made the work doubly disagreeable.

A strange American woman had spent two nights there. She had come to visit Cronin and had that morning gone afoot across the desert in the direction of the stage station. Cronin had told Varou's daughter, Marta, that the woman was his sister. Marta was up the river.

The trail, then, was double. There was evident connection between the woman and the deserter. Her resting place for the night was the rendezvous. He would find Sergeant Cronin there. But why had Cronin waited? He had been absent two days, possibly to get ponies for the flight.

Dalton reasoned rapidly as he cantered toward the acequia along which the woman had walked before entering the mesa. In the path near the stream he found her tiny tracks. For some minutes his practiced eye followed them mechanically, his horse moving at a trot. At the corner of the barley field they left the acequia and led up a sandy arroyo, where the sharp punch of the heels made them very plain.

The strangeness of the tracks set the trailer thinking. They were made by shapely boots and suggested boudoirs Dalton had never seen, but had read about in novels and visited in dreams. When a man's life is so rough that it furnishes no acquaintance with women, his imagination holds for her refinements a respect that is almost worship.

Dalton fancied there was still breathing from the dainty shoe prints an elusive odor, which even a human hound could follow in the darkness. Here in the desert the tracks seemed strangely out of place, or it was the first time his experience had encountered them in unfrequented arroyos. Then the idea that he was a hound, a bloodhound, yes, a cur, struck in, and he was very unhappy.

He rode doggedly on over little footprints that were a feminine protest to manliness and courage, but soon they were pressing harder on his brain than the feet that made them had pressed upon the sand, and the idea that he was a coward controlled him.

Here he halted his horse, intending to turn back, and gazed at the continuing footmarks, which pointed plainly as a signboard to a duty that lay across the heated mesa. Then he thought of the other clew. He would cut Cronin's trail and follow it. It was two days older, to be sure, and would lead to the woman just the same, but he would be following a man and would feel like a man. He wheeled his horse and clambered up a cactus headland that jutted into the arroyo.

On the mesa he struck fresh pony tracks leading in the direction of the trail he had abandoned. Cronin then had gotten a pony. As he cantered over the new trail Dalton breathed like a freed man.

The pursued had taken a course whose general direction was that of the arroyo, but distant enough to avoid ravines jutting into it. A mile farther and the new trail turned sharply into the valley. Here the sharp, cup tracks of an unshod broncho had mutilated the footprints of a woman's shod feet. The pony tracks were fresh. He might capture Cronin and avoid the woman, which was welfare to his liking. He spurred Satan to full gallop over the double trail. Two miles farther on, under a heavy clump of palo verde and chaparral, were a number of tracks in the sand. After this the foot tracks ceased and the pony tracks alone continued.

"I am too late to catch Cronin alone, but weighted double I'll overtake his broncho soon," thought Dalton as he made careless reconnoissance of where they had rested in the shade upon the sand. Then he rode onward, following a trail whose end was miles away, over a range of mountains and far into a thirsty plain.

"Oha Jorge! Jorge!"

"How you frightened me. I heard your horse knocking bowlders off the divide and thought a whole cavalry detachment had come to fetch me."

Marta laughed.

"Why did you not wait for me? Don't you trust me? I had the devil's own time getting ponies!"

"There was no need to trust you when I could have you. Love has no time to wait, loconante (foolish one). Kiss me! There, that will do! I have brought Tinta. Pedro would have lent me his own feet more willingly, but Tinta's are prettier and swifter. How the idol loves me! I promised to kiss him on my return. Yes, on my return."

"Lucky Pedro!"

"Good, droll, stupid Pedro!"

"And when do you return?"

"When you desert me for Sonora maidens."

"Poor Pedro! And how long since you ceased to love him?"

"Since I began loving you, foolish one. What a question! Oh, leave me a little breath for the flight. We must go!"

"Take a fresh pony, Marta."

"Tinta never tires."

"But we may be pursued."

"We will strike across the desert, where the fat American horses cannot follow. One day without water and their tongues droop like dogs."

"Mine will droop too. We had better keep to the mountains. The season is dry."

"The desert is safer. When the hare seeks the cienaga, the marsh in the desert, the dove leads the way."

And Marta led the way. Through mountain canyon and over bright divide, where fell the splendid starlight, singing, in the language of the conquerors, canciones brought from Spain. Toward morning they rested under giant marrows and when they awakened the sun was blazing over Dragon summit, filling with trembling heat waves the arid valley of the lower San Simon.

And now their ponies staggered over the endless, parching sage, like animals fording swift streams with uncertain footing. The sun's rays had grown slanting and west miles before the clump of bushes that bordered the cienaga came in view.

They had not tasted water since the morning of the day before, so that their tongues had swollen and grown thick with thirst.

Marta no longer saw the sagebrush. She was dreaming of Sonora. The clump of shrubbery that bordered the cienaga was an orange grove, and it grew in Hermosillo. The pulsing of her own fever veins had become the murmur of acequinos. Cronin kept his eyes close to the ground to preserve reason and the realities of vision, as men look upward to keep their head when crossing running water. As they approached it Cronin saw ravens rise from the grove, and this told the story. The cienaga held no water and the carcasses of drought stricken cattle showed that none was near.

The baked ground lay parching in great cracks, like a vast mocking and sinister countenance, grinning with merriment over the grim joke of death. There was no longer trace of moisture in what had recently been mud, but above the cienaga green foliage still waved, like a flag of the thirst demon luring men and animals to their death.

Marta rushed to some empty cow tracks, drinking face downward as if from a real pool. Then she gathered the leaves of white willows and braided them in her black hair, telling Cronin they were orange blossoms he had promised his bride. After this the water madness seized, and she raved throughout the night. Her delirium was too Spanish and broken for Cronin to follow.

He tried to reassure her poor disheveled brain ineffectually because delirium cannot comprehend.

She feared he would desert her for the beautiful Americana who had come to take him from her.

Here her ravings took a tragic turn. She had foiled the wicked white woman and produced a dagger which she swore was stained with her blood. But now they were married in Sonora, and nothing but death could ever happen. Cronin comprehended her feebly. The night was too dark for him to examine the dagger, so he tossed it on the ground.

Through the whole night he heard the ravings of the Mexican woman and the moans of Tinta as she died of thirst. At last day dawned, and Marta fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Then Cronin resolved to leave her and seek water in the mountains beyond, which was the chance for their lives.

By noon he was standing in the dry bed of the main canyon, where the sand lay heaped in white billows and the eye recoiled from the blinding glare of the reflected light.

If there was water, he knew that it was flowing far below the sand. Lower down the canyon was boxed in narrow but high bluffs. He walked on to the bluffs. Here a huge ledge crossed the canyon and forced the water up again to the surface. Oh, it was a heavenly sight! Water! Pure, cold, crystal water, and it tumbled joyously out of prison over the dark ledge into the sunlight and splashed in a pool below. A short way down it was all soaked up again and flowed onward, hidden under its blanket of thirsty sand. Cronin rushed into the pool deep enough to cover his body, drinking until he could drink no more. He lifted it up in handfuls and let it trickle through his fingers, as if he were sick for the sight and sound and feel of it, more precious than gold.

Then he wallowed in the water like a drunken bather washing off the stupor of intoxication.

When his full faculties returned, he thought of Marta, and filling two canteens he went back to find her.

As he entered the cienaga he saw a man standing under the willows.

"Dalton, is that you?"

"Yes, my lad, and I arrest you as a deserter."

"Water is trumps here, and I have got water."

"We'll settle that later."

"Where is Marta?"

"The only inhabitant I found in your blooming dry camp was a dead broncho, and there's her carcass. Was Marta here?"

"She came with me."

"And the white woman?"

"Is at Varou's."

"Not there. Tinta's tracks covered hers ten miles into the mesa. I figured out that you had taken her on behind you."

Cronin made no reply. He gazed intently at his feet, where lay a dagger covered as with brown rust. It had fallen from Marta's bosom. Then he turned to Dalton and said very quickly: "I am your prisoner, Dana Marston, murderer and deserter. Before you take me back let us see if we cannot find Marta."
—Philadelphia Times.

The London Stone.

The "London stone," the most famous relic now preserved in the British metropolis, has a most interesting history. Tradition says that the stone was originally taken from the ruins of ancient Troy and brought to England by Brutus, who with his own hand laid it as the first block in the foundation of the city now known to the world as London. More than a thousand years ago it was taken from its original bed in the first wall laid in the city and taken up on Cannon street, where it was set deep in the earth at a place said to be the highest spot of ground in London. According to Camden, it was not originally set as a stone in a wall, as claimed by those who say that it was brought from Troy by Brutus, as related above, but was a stone specially made and set in place as a milliarium or milestone, similar to that in the Forum at Rome, while London was under Roman rule. Camden considers it as being the stone which marked the point from which all British highways were to radiate from the capital and from which all distances were to be measured.

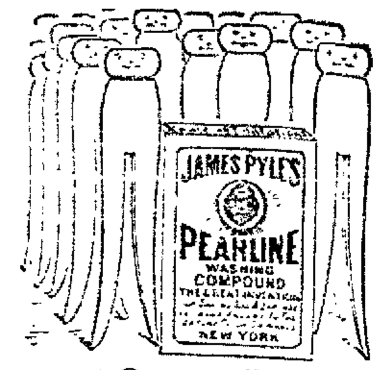
After the great fire of 1666 Sir Christopher Wren changed the city's grade, and the stone was taken up. That which is now preserved by the city as a relic of its very earliest days is said to be but a mere fragment of the original stone. It is not more than a foot square at the present time and is built into a niche in the outside wall of the Church of SS. Swithin and Mary Bothau, on Cannon street. Geologically speaking, the stone is of porphyry, and it may still be seen, covered by dust and dirt, by any one who cares to go up Cannon street to the church mentioned and peep through the iron grating which covers the circular opening in which the relic lies.—St. Louis Republic.

Social Equality a Beautiful Thing.

Equality is such a beautiful thing that I wonder people can ever have any other ideal. It is the only social joy, the only comfort. If you meet an inferior or a superior, you are at once wretched. Do you have any pleasure of the man who stands behind your chair at dinner? No more than of the man across the table, who because he is richer or of better family or of greater distinction treats you de haut en bas. You spoil the joy of life for your inferior, just as your superior spoils the joy of life for you. The sense of inferiority infuriates. The sense of superiority intoxicates. The madness is more or less violent, as temperament varies, but in some form it is felt wherever inequality is seen, and good society, which always hates a scene, instinctively does its best to ignore inequality. Of course it can do this only on a very partial and restricted scale, and of course the result is an effect of equality, and not equality itself, or equality merely for the moment.—"Equality as the Basis of Good Society," by W. D. Howells, in Century.

Restaurant Cranks.

Plenty of cranks haunt the table d'hotes. One who is conspicuous in the Tenderloin centers owns a white rabbit that he always carries with him, and for which he orders a large portion of lettuce while he solemnly consumes his own meal. Bunny is attached to his master's coat collar by a large silver chain and roams in and out of his capacious pockets at will. Another habitue of the same establishment absorbs two complete dinners, from hors d'oeuvres to coffee, one after the other. At another restaurant not far away a forlorn looking middle aged woman also orders two dinners, but one of them is served on the opposite side of the table and the courses are carried away untouched when she has finished her own. Possibly a romance is concealed in the untouched courses. She alone can tell.—New York Letter.



"On or off the line, we're with the majority—'stuck' on Pearline!" And they're right—you will observe that their heads are level. Millions of women sing the same song as the clothespins. They may express it differently, but they mean the same thing. They mean that their work is easy and sooner done—and better done. No clothes worn out with the endless rub, rub, rub on the washboard. No backs tired out with it, either. These millions of women mean that they're using Pearline, saving labor, time, and money with it, and have proved it to be perfectly harmless. Now, what do you mean? Do you mean to try to do without it? Beware of imitations. 332 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

How to Prevent a Cold

After an exposure, or when you feel a cold coming on, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. It never fails. 50c. Vortkamp, n e c r Main and North streets

OR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Ermine is much used this winter for little girls coats.

Capes, waists, costumes and trimmings of velvet will be much worn this season.

The iridescent trimmings do not look well on a street dress unless concealed by a wrap

Children's coats are made with a round, full cape or a large sailor collar cut squarely off in front

A new ribbon for crush collars and belts is of black and white strips with inch-wide band of colored satin on one edge.

Shaped pieces of jet or colored beads or spangles are very stylish and are generally known as garnitures, which cover all waist pieces.

The handsomest coats for little girls are of bengaline, velvet, lace, collar and fur edging, but they are too elegant to be comfortable for a healthy, active child.

Do not dally with rheumatism. Get rid of it at once by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

Woman Suffrage Pioneers.

The great suffrage pioneers of England and America are growing old together. In a few days Elizabeth Cady Stanton will celebrate her eightieth birthday. A few days ago Mrs. Priscilla Bright McLaren, the president of the Edinburgh branch of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, attained her eightieth birthday.

The Baby's Colic Cure.

UPPER SANDUSKY, O —"Our little baby when three weeks old was troubled with severe attacks of wind colic. Our druggist recommended Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. We used it till baby was eight months old. The effect from the start was magic, giving instant relief and no bad effects. I recommend it with pleasure to every mother in the land.—Mrs C. W. Cramer." Dr Hand's remedies for children sold by all druggists for 25c

You Can't Afford to Chance It.

A heavy cold may lead to pneumonia or consumption. Foley's Honey and Tar taken in time affords perfect security from serious results. C. Vortkamp, n e cor Main and North streets.

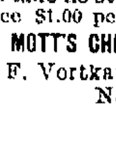
Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

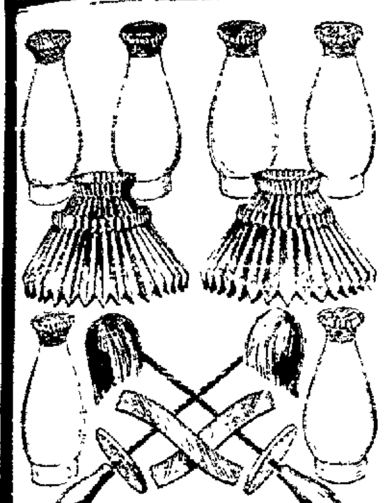
Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. Philada., Pa.

DR. MOTT'S

PENNYROYAL PILLS



The only safe, sure and reliable Female Pill ever offered to Ladies. Especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio. F. Vortkamp, n e cor Main and North streets.



All This For A Dollar.

There has been invented a lamp chimney that will not break with heat. It's called the Ivory Top because of its peculiar construction. To introduce this lamp chimney quickly to lamp users everywhere the following remarkable offer is made. Upon receipt of one dollar an introduction box will be sent, express paid, containing *six Ivory Top* chimneys, *two* imported lamp shades of handsome design, with wire frames, *two* rotary lamp cleaners and *two* wicks. If this is more than you need get a neighbor to take half.

[illegible]

THE LIPPINCOTT GLASS CO., Alexandria, Ind.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.

500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation
A.A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion, Paralysis.

Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - - .60

Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Veterinary Cure Oil and Medicator. $7.00

Jar Veterinary Cure Oil, - - 1.00

Sold by Druggists; or sent prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. [illegible] New York.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.

Lowest of Rates to the Atlanta Exposition, via the C. H. & D., on account of Ohio and Cincinnati Days, Dec. 4 and 5.

Those having in view a visit to the great Atlanta Exposition, certainly can not complain of high rates as a hindrance. On December 2 and 3 there will be in effect, from all C. H. & D. Ohio points, on account of Ohio and Cincinnati days at the Fair, the phenomenally low rate of one fare for the round trip to Cincinnati, plus $10.60 from Cincinnati to Atlanta and return with a ticket limit of ten days. This places the trip within the means of almost everyone. Excepting only the Columbian Fair, the Atlanta Exposition is conceded to be the grandest and most comprehensive American international exhibit ever accomplished, and the season of Southern travel is thereby this year made doubly attractive. Those who purpose viewing the "New South's" wonderful portrayal of the Atlanta "World's Fair," can not as a matter of State pride, choose more appropriate or auspicious dates than Ohio and Cincinnati days, as it is earnestly desired that these days be marked by an Ohio attendance, both in number and character, that will compare favorably with other Northern State dates.

For particular information as to individual or party rates, through schedules and car service, call on or address any C. H. & D. Agent, or

D. G. EDWARDS, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

Hen-Pecked Criminologist.

It is one of the pleasant little ironies of fate that Lombroso, the awe inspired criminologist, is a mild, domesticated and rather commonplace individual in his personal life. He is said to be, by an interviewer, rather under the thumb of Mad. Lombroso and his two daughters who, however, adore the professor, and are in turn adored by him, and apparently live quite contentedly amid the collections of portraits of notorious criminals which adorn their general sitting-room.

From a Findlay Mother.

"Having used Dr. Hand's Colic Cure for my baby, I can fully recommend it. I have used a great many medicines for baby colic, and none have done so much good. I will hereafter use no other remedy for colicky babies.—Mrs. L. Tanner, Findlay, Ohio." Dr. Hand's Colic Cure, Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion and all of Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children sold by all druggists for 25c.

Mercurial.

The adjective mercurial, like many others, came into ordinary speech from the realm of astrology. In astrological language a mercurial man was one born under the influence of Mercury, when Mercury was in the ascendant, and therefore possessed of the mental qualities supposed to distinguish the heathen deity of that name.

Some Are That Way.

She—Why doesn't Mr. Pompus join the church? He seems to be quite a good man.

He—I guess he feels as if the church ought to join him.—Detroit Free Press.

LIGHTNING.

A Frolic That Was Beautiful If Terrifying and Hurt No One.

"Speaking of lightning rods," said an army officer, "when I was at West Point, Lt. Hank Kendrick, our professor of chemistry, electricity and so forth, used to give us an experiment with lightning rods, which is the only thing I recollect in connection with them. He had a battery rigged up to furnish the lightning. Then he had a house of blocks, a nice two story house painted white, with green shutters. On this house was a lightning rod, a miniature affair, made like the ordinary lightning rod of commerce. He would make a few remarks on the necessity of having the rod properly connected with the ground, explaining that wet earth or water connecting directly with the earth was the very best. Then he would make a ground connection of this kind and proceed to fire a few big electric sparks, or lightning flashes, through the rod. They would go through all right, not doing the slightest injury to the house. Then he would make a few more remarks, this time to the effect that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and tell about a good minister in the north of Scotland who wanted to protect his house by a lightning rod and who had heard that water was a good thing for the rod to end in. So he set up the rod and had it end in his cistern, where, as it was carefully cemented, there was always certain to be water. The old professor would then put the end of the rod in a glass of water, to represent the cistern, and turn on his lightning. The big spark would leap across to the rod and down would come the house, a heap of blocks."

"One of the most beautiful and at the same time one of the most terrifying sights I ever saw," said another member of the group, a veteran of the war, "was down in Arkansas in 1862. I was drilling my regiment one summer afternoon, when a sudden thunder shower came up. The men had bayonets fixed, and as we started for camp were carrying their muskets at a right shoulder shift. Suddenly there began at the tips of those bayonets the most marvelous electrical display I had ever seen. The lightning played about them, dancing, rolling, flashing, leaping from one to another, as if it hugely enjoyed the frolic. For an instant I thought the whole company would be struck down, and the men themselves were badly frightened. No one was hurt or even shocked by the brilliant display.—New York Sun.

She Had to Go.

"If you tell a lie, you must stick to it."

This is old and to some extent true, as a woman of my acquaintance proved recently.

She is stopping at a hotel here and intends to return shortly to her home, in Utica.

While out shopping the other day she met a mother and daughter from her own town whom she doesn't know so very well or like so very much.

But they fell upon her neck.

"Oh, Mrs. J——," cried the elder, "if this isn't just glorious! To think of our meeting you here. We don't know a soul in New York, and I know you'll take us round and show us the sights."

Well, my friend just made up her mind that she'd do nothing of the sort.

She wanted what little time she had for herself. So she replied—it was wrong of course—

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm living at New Rochelle, and have just run in for some shopping. I'm going out again this afternoon."

"Oh, isn't that too bad? What train do you take?"

"The 3 o'clock."

"Well, we'll go up and see you off."

Here was a nice state of affairs, but there was no way out of it that my friend could think of without being absolutely rude.

So up they all went to the depot, and that unfortunate woman bought a ticket to New Rochelle, and actually had to go there, as her friends upon the platform gave her no opportunity of escaping from the train.—New York Herald.

Kaiser Wilhelm as Stage Manager.

Some amusing anecdotes are related in the press with respect to the kaiser and the new Berlin Opera House. His majesty may often be seen in the morning, in civil dress, wearing a white cloak and smoking a cigarette, crossing on foot from the palace to the Opera House. There arrived, he takes his position on the stage or follows the rehearsals from his box. Many comical encounters have occurred in the semi-darkness between kaiser and scene shifters, ignorant of the visitor's identity. The emperor, indeed, leaves the discovery of his presence to chance, but this is often betrayed by an objection from a coulisse which unexpectedly breaks in during the progress of a rehearsal. This fortunate gift of observation is usually so well employed in criticism of the arrangements which have been made that the general manager, stage manager and director of the ballet are unable to better achieve success than by following his suggestions. The kaiser, it is related, once forgot to throw away his cigarette on entering the Opera House. The inspector thereupon respectfully called attention to the fact, and his majesty replied, "The regulations for the preservation of order in this house naturally hold good also for me."—Westminster Gazette.

What Constituted the Insult.

"Are these the photographs I ordered?" asked the customer.

"Yes, sir," replied the photographer.

"They're paid for, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Wrap them up. Thanks! Good mor—say, do you think I look like the photographs?"

"Oh, yes, the likeness is excellent!"

"Say, will you do me the favor to come out with me into the alley? I'd like the privilege of building a face on you like that!"—Chicago Tribune.

THE HOUR GLASS.

Time Honored Reverence in Which It is Held. Something of

Its Mysterious Origin

and Associations. Lessons Which May be Drawn from its Infallibility

Old Father Time displays the hour glass as an emblem of the speedy flight of years. It teaches none the less the brevity of human life. How quickly its atoms fall: how rapidly the period of our moral existence hastens to its close. Brain throb and heart beat are but ticks which count the minutes as they go.

The pages of the daily press are filled with announcements of deaths, sudden and inexplicable: deaths of men cut down in their prime, of men we thought perfect pictures of health as we passed them on the street. Hurrying past on their missions of pleasure or profit; always in a rush they never stop or rest, they at length die in the harness. They illustrate this "age of progress"—progress toward the grave. Why did they die? Why were these men taken and others left who seem so inferior to them in physical strength? Because they did not take care of themselves. They did not heed that silent monitor, the hour glass of their physical constitution. They did not listen to the sound of its falling sand, nor heed the measure of its flow.

The merchant, the clerk, the bookkeeper, the professional man, the mechanic, the toiler at loom and spindle, the busy housewife and mother hurrying through the bustle of business or work, never reflects how much vital energy they constantly use up. Each and all keep delving, toiling, buying, selling, struggling—and the sands in the glass keep falling.

At length there is an end. The limit is reached: the sands are exhausted: "time is up:"—a mournful procession and a new-made grave.

It is the old, old story. They did not heed the lesson human experience has been teaching these many centuries

Watch the hour glass of your health; heed its falling sands and count them as they go. Be wise in season: gird up the weakened spot: strengthen that tired nerve: put new vigor into weary brain, heart and muscle. How can it be done? By taking the remedy nature has provided, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It is surely king among blood and nerve remedies It is best fitted to stay the hand of the destroyer. It does not hesitate but acts at once It gives you health, keeps you strong and well. It cured Mr. Louis H. Moreau, who was formerly a faithful member of the police force of Fall River, Mass., but who resigned his position to enter the livery stable business. He has taken five or six bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for nervousness and weakness and found it invigorating and rejuvenating He says that the effects were of much benefit to him when he was on the police force, and he believes they would have been more prompt for good, had he taken the medicine regularly instead of intermittently. Mr. Moreau's health is now good, but he says that in case of a return of nervousness or weakness he shall recommence taking the Nervura. His place of business is at 57 and 59 Flint street, Fall River.

Try it if you are nervous, weak, tired and run down: if you pass restless or sleepless nights and wake with dull head, feeling tired, languid, without energy or ambition to take hold of your day's work. Take it for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, kidney or liver complaints, for rheumatism or neuralgia, indeed for any of the manifest evils which result from weakness and impure blood Remember that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy never fails to cure.

This medicine is recommended by doctors, indeed, it is the discovery and prescription of a well-known physician. Dr Greene of 35 West 14th St., New York City, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. The doctor can be consulted in regard to any and all cases, free of charge, personally or by letter.

From Sleep to Death.

In consideration of the reports to the effect that electricity as a means of executing condemned criminals is harsh, barbarous and uncertain, it is suggested by Dr. Andrew Wilson of London that a means painless and merciful would be that of the lethal chamber invented by Sir B. W. Richardson. It is employed at Battersea in the disposal of homeless and ownerless dogs which are valueless and whose maintenance is undesirable or impossible. The death produced by the inhalation of carbonic acid gas, as far as any record of the action of the gas can inform, is certainly painless. It is really a sleep which deepens insensibly into death.—Exchange.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at Melville's Drug Store.

TATTOOING AND CRIMINALS

A French Writer Who Does Not Believe In a Connection Between the Two.

The French scientific journal Archives d'Anthropologie Criminelle prints a curious and interesting study of tattooing in its relation to criminals and other outcasts, vagabonds and the insane. The article is made up partly of extracts from a recently published German work on the subject and partly from the studies of anthropologists in various countries, especially in Italy, France and Germany. Some persons have thought that the habit of submitting to the tattooing process not unusual among criminals and rare among persons of regular and reputable life was evidence of the close relation of the criminal to the primitive savage in fact, an effect of atavism. There have been many attempts also to trace a relation between the subjects depicted in tattoo upon the bodies of criminals and others and their mental and moral characteristics. The conclusions of the article are not favorable to those theories

Although an examination of criminals in many prisons seems to indicate a decided taste for tattooing among them, the belief of the compiler of the article is that the fact that a man is tattooed cannot be taken as indicating anything as to the category to which he belongs. It is believed that the frequency of tattooing among any class of men is determined by external rather than internal causes. No anthropological analogy is found in the tattooed designs, though the subjects of tattooing upon the persons of prisoners agree with the view and customs of persons belonging to their social grade. Tattooed persons do not have marked criminal characteristics, and ordinarily they are not dangerous or insensible to good. Lines without color made in prison by the prisoner upon himself seem to indicate morbid psychic excitement. Colored tattooing is a valuable aid in reconstructing the past of a prisoner and for the identification of criminals, though not so good for the latter purpose as anthropometrics.

The facts and figures that precede these conclusions are of the most curious sort.

Tattooing seems to be common among the lowest class of women of loose lives. One student of the subject examined 800 of these women and found that 10 per cent were tattooed. Names and initials of lovers were common marks. After a capital "E" followed the name, to signify that the affection was eternal. Hearts pierced with a dagger were common, as indeed they are upon tattooed men. The breast and forearm are favorite places for tattooing with both women and men. There is a conjecture that women of weak will and vagabond habits submit to tattooing oftener than others, and its prevalence among women of loose lives is ascribed to their association with criminals.

It has been found that a considerable proportion of the insane poor are tattooed. They exhibit a curious variety of subjects—allegorical, erratic, religious and conventional—but the students of the subjects have not been able to discover that the hallucinations of the mad have any relation to the tattoo marks that they bear. Favorite subjects are a woman's head and bust, soldiers, clasped hands, which is probably a Masonic sign, stars, comets, a boot with spur, Christ crucified, an altar with candles, the sun, animals and mathematical figures.

The article does not refer to the accepted belief that tattooing is commoner among sailors than among men in other occupations, though some statistics of the former occupations of tattooed criminals show a large proportion of sailors. There is no special reference to the elaborately tattooed men and women that exhibit themselves in dime museums on this side of the water or to the fact that men have been found tattooed almost from head to foot with Masonic emblems. There is no reference either to the fact that the enforced idleness of some prisoners and of sailors on long voyages probably leads them to resort to tattooing as a means of killing time.—New York Sun.

Bacteria and Not Thunder.

Scientists long since "went on record" as believing the ozone produced by electric discharges during thunderstorms to be the cause of milk coagulating and souring during the prevalence of such phenomena. Recent experiments by Professor Treadwell prove that the souring of milk is not due to oxidation caused by ozone or other products of the electric discharge, but that it is produced by the growth of bacteria in the fluid, the growth of which is exceptionally rapid in sultry, hot weather such as usually precedes thunderstorms.—St. Louis Republic.

Life is not a plaything to be used as long as it gives pleasure and then cast aside. It is an imperative trust, a continuous obligation from which no grief, no loss, no shame can ever absolve us.

SOME STAGE STORIES.

[illegible]

Compliments Paid to Performers of Unpopular Parts by Persons In the Audience. Several Interesting Incidents Related by a London Newspaper.

Playgoers of today don't appear to fall so easily under the influence of the power of the performer or the vividness of a striking situation as in times gone by. They do not so quickly lose their own identity, so to speak, and become so absorbed in the drama as to be carried away with the interest of the plot to such an extent that they feel themselves not merely spectators, but participants in a real and tangible incident. But when plays dealt more with homely and natural stories and less with the fantastic and "women with a past" class of drama, folks appear to have been more emotional and demonstrative. They forgot the mimic side of the picture and only saw before them life in miniature, as they understood it. They had the human side very finely tuned and developed.

For example, when they were playing the almost immortal "Green Bushes" at the Adelphi during one of its many revivals, Mme Celeste, in the character of Miami, the Indian, had to shoot her English husband, by whom she had been deserted, and, after firing the pistol, a woman started up in the pit and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Served him right; it's just like my monster!" This explosion of insulted womanhood, produced by the "cunning of the scene" and Mme. Celeste's powerful acting, was naturally followed by a burst of laughter from all parts of the house.

It is certain that art frequently possesses more sway over our feelings than nature herself. It was at the Olympic theater, in the autumn of 1874, when the "Two Orphans" was being acted, that a young lady sitting in the stalls hurled her opera glasses, with the exclamation, "You beast!" at Mrs. Huntley (La Frochard), who was ill treating Mr. Henry Neville, the crippled Pierre, in the garret scene It was certainly a high compliment to that actress' power, though it was a dangerous way of sending a testimonial.

But it was a critic who uprose, on the first night of the late Charles Reade's drama, "It's Never Too Late to Mend," at the Princess theater, in 1865, under the management of George Vining, and vehemently protested against the flogging business in the jail scene, as being inhuman and untrue to life. However, it was true to life, and the discussion that ensued in the papers tended to crowd the theater nightly for many months. But audiences did not always take things too seriously and were in the habit of expressing themselves very candidly when occasion arose

Even the great Grimaldi could not invariably rely upon success for his old wheezes. He was once hissed at Sadler's Wells theater after singing his celebrated comic song (what a dull piece it was to read, by the way!) "Tippitywichet," and he appealed to the audience. He "had nodded," he said, "frowned, sneezed, choked, gasped, cried, grinned, grimaced, hiccoughed—he had done all that could be done by brow, chin, cheeks, eyes, nose and mouth—and what more did they want?" "Why, we want," yawned a languid voice from the pit "we want a new feature!"

Sometimes it is the manager who gives vent to his feelings when sitting in "front," as was the case with Henry Harris, for many years manager of Covent Garden theater in the early part of the century. He was watching the performance from the stage box of an actor of the name of Faulkner, who had recently arrived from the provinces and was making his appearance on the metropolitan boards as Octavia in "The Mountaineers." Faulkner was not quite up to the mark, and when he exclaimed in a deep, guttural tone, "Oh. where is my honor?" Harris exclaimed, "I wish your honor was back at Newcastle again, with all my heart!"

Macready, of whom many stories were told, says in his "Memoirs:" "I remember on one occasion acting in 'Venice Preserved.' A long and rather drowsy dying speech of my poor friend, Jaffier, was 'dragging its slow length along,' when some one in the gallery, in a tone of great impatience, called out very loudly, 'Ah, now die at once!' when a voice from the other side immediately replied, 'Be quiet, you blackguard.' and then turning with a patronizing tone to the lingering Jaffier, 'Just take your time, will you?'"

As an example of how easily the most acute persons may lose themselves to some extent in the mimic action of the stage, we may recall the story of an eminent special pleader who was witnessing a performance of "Macbeth." In the scene where the Thane of Cawdor, questioning the witches in the cavern, says, "What is't you do?" the answer is, "A deed without a name." This phrase struck the ears of the pleader at once, and he cried out excitedly: "A deed without a name? Why, 'tis void."—London Globe.

Wouldn't Want Her Presence.

The boy had smashed his father's shaving mug and done sundry other damage, when his mother discovered him.

"Oh, Freddie!" she exclaimed, horrified. "What will your papa say when he comes home and sees what you have done?"

"Well, mamma, I don't think I would like to repeat it before you."—Pearson's Weekly.

After Eating a Gentleman.

Pa Tiger—I don't think I'd care to be in the midst of civilization.

Ma Tiger—Why not, love?

Pa Tiger—It's so much nicer to let civilization be in the midst of me.—New York Sun.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND

[illegible] ... nervous debility and exhaustion, wasting away of vital strength and power from bad drams or [illegible] habits can readily find relief for body and mind by writing the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo N Y. They employ a staff of physicians and specialists who treat at a distance by correspondence or at the Invalids Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo all this class of diseases. Those who suffer from low spirits irritable temper a "broken-down" nervous system and such distressing symptoms as backache, dizziness shooting pains in head or chest and indigestion [illegible] or abuses [illegible] Hotel and Surgical Institute. This association of medical men have prepared a book written in plain but chaste language treating of the nature symptoms and curability, by home treatment of such diseases. The World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors of the Invalids Hotel and Surgical Institute Buffalo N Y will on receipt of this notice with [illegible] stamps for postage, mail, sealed in plain envelope, a copy of this useful book. It should be read by every young man parent and guardian in the land.

The Key to the Situation —if you suffer from Sick or Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks or any derangement of the stomach, liver and bowels—is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Mildly and gently, but thoroughly and effectively, they cleanse, renovate and regulate the entire system. One little "Pellet" for a gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. They're purely vegetable and perfectly harmless: these tiny, sugar-coated granules of Dr Pierce.

DON'T BE WOOZY

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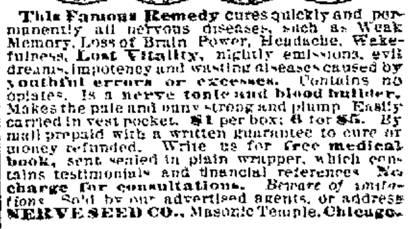
FAULTLESS PEPSIN CHIPS

THE GUM THAT'S ROUND

10 CHIPS 5¢

Send 5 cents for sample package. Faultless Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md.

NERVE SEEDS FOR WEAK MEN



This Famous Remedy cures quickly and permanently all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Vitality, nightly emissions, evil dreams, impotency and wasting diseases caused by youthful errors or excesses. Contains no opiates. Is a nerve tonic and blood builder. Makes the pale and puny strong and plump. Easily carried in vest pocket. $1 per box; 6 for $5. By mail prepaid with a written guarantee to cure or money refunded. Write us for free medical book, sent sealed in plain wrapper, which contains testimonials and financial references. No charge for consultations. Beware of imitations. Sold by our advertised agents, or address NERVE SEED CO., Masonic Temple, Chicago.

Sold by Melville Bros., Lima

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Chicago & Erie Railroad.

Time card in effect Nov 10, 1895.

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TRAINS WEST.	Depart.
No 5 Vestibule Limited daily, for Chicago	11:46 a. m.
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" 31 local, daily, except Sunday	7 00 a. m.
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" 2 Express, daily, except Sunday for Marion & Columbus.	3:30 p. m.
" 12 Express, daily, for New York	2:50 a. m.
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If you would have fine flavored cake, use
SOUDERS ELEGANT FLAVORING EXTRACTS
The Nicest Flavors Under the Sun.

A Book For Soldiers, 1587.

"The Pathway to Military Discipline" was written by Barnsley Rich, soldier (1587), wherein there appears a new word lately borrowed from Italy—[illegible], or what we now call infantry. A year or two later there appeared a posthumous work on "The Art of War," by William Garrard, gentleman, "who served the king of Spain in his wars 14 years and died in 1587." A very fierce critic is Mr. William Garrard, remorseless in condemning the backwardness of military England. Archers, he boldly says (anticipating Captain Dalgetty by some 60 years), are obsolete, and the halberd nearly as old fashioned as the bow.

There are really but two weapons—for the tall man the pike, for the little, nimble man the "piece"—that is, the arquebus. And of all pieces those made at Milan are the best, though the English pieces (always excepting those that are made by a commercial nation for common sale) approach very near to them. But when we turn from the weapon to the equipment the English are sadly behind the times. All other nations use flasks and metal cartridges wherein to carry their powder, but the careless English actually use their pockets, which practice, adds the indignant Garrard, "in respect of the danger of the sparks of their match, the uncertain charge, the expense and spoil of powder and the discommodity of wet, I account more apt for the show of a triumph and wanton skirmish before ladies and gentlewomen." — Macmillan's Magazine.

HOW TO PREVENT CROUP.

SOME READING THAT WILL PROVE INTERESTING TO YOUNG MOTHERS. HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THE DISEASE.

Croup is a terror to young mothers and to post them concerning the cause, first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The origin of croup is a common cold. Children who are subject to it take cold very easily and croup is almost sure to follow. The first symptom is hoarseness; this is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough, which is easily recognized and will never be forgotten by one who has heard it. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given all tendency to croup will soon disappear. Even after the croupy cough has developed it will prevent the attack. There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Melville Bros., next to p. o. and C. W. Heister, 58 public square.

The House Penn Built.

One of the oldest buildings of the number of ante-Revolutionary structures that still remain standing in Philadelphia occupies a conspicuous position on the northeast corner of Second and Walnut streets. The old building is nearly if not quite 200 years old, and it is claimed by some authorities that it was built by William Penn. John Penn, it is claimed, was born in the house. For many decades it has been occupied as a gun smithy and fishing tackle establishment, as long ago as 1815 such business having been started there. The business is now conducted by John T. Siner, who has been in the store since 1843, and he is himself one of the most picturesque figures of the neighborhood, hale and hearty at 74. He has in his possession a deed dated 1781, in which the owners of the corner building guaranteed the use of the party wall for the erection of the building adjoining on Walnut street, which is also still standing.—Philadelphia Record

Good advice: Never leave the house on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Melville Bros., next to p. o., and C. W. Heister, 58 public square.

YOU ought to know that when suffering from any kidney trouble that a safe, sure remedy is the Clinic Kidney Cure. Guaranteed or money refunded. Vortkamp, n e cor Main and North streets.

MY HANDLE BARS.

Men have sung of [illegible] and pleasure,
Sung of fame and [illegible],
And they've told us that in [illegible] there is joy [illegible].
But I [illegible] that thrills me,
[illegible]
[illegible] as I grasp my handle bars.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] each muscle as I push the [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] with his [illegible].

I have climbed [illegible] mountains;
I have bathed in ancient fountains,
And I've watched old ocean's sunset from the [illegible],
But my heart has [illegible] no higher,
[illegible]
That I [illegible] each morning bending o'er my handle bars.

On a dreamy [illegible] evening,
With the [illegible] beams slanting
Through the music of [illegible], I have watched the rising stars,
But the laughter of the ripples
[illegible] trembles
From the ringing revolutions just beneath my handle bars.

Oh, the glory of the finish
As my [illegible] diminish
And my old pneumatic triumphs, though she bears a hundred scars!
Oh, each spoke with joy is singing,
And a thousand throats are ringing
As I make that last half quarter with my breast on handle bars.

—E. J. Wilson.

THE DESERTER.

"Dana!" It was a woman's voice, and it rose from the river. Cronin started. When a voice lies so nasty on the conscience that it becomes audible, it is bad company for a man who is much alone. Cronin held his hand to his ear to intensify the sound. "Dana!" The woman called again. She knew his real name, and was standing near the water. Cronin halted half way down the cobble trail, but the foliage hid the figure. "Dana!" The voice rose now above the gurgle of the water, pitched as of old, in plaintive, unpleasant accent.

It had haunted all the loneliness of four years' desert service, which had freed him from the person of its possessor, and now it sounded like the soul cry of a dead reproach, haunting and helpless.

He stepped on the bed of bowlders at the base of the rapids where the figure stood outlined against the current. The face was there, framed in the foliage. It was more than four years older and very pale under the shadows of the willows.

"What madness brings you here, Ellen?" he said at length.

"The one that you kindled and shared for awhile," she replied. There was no bitterness in her voice, but there was all the weariness of the miles she had traveled and the silent reproach of her own uncomplaint. She smiled sadly. "I am not come to upbraid you or to ask you to relight ashes that won't burn. I have come to be near you. I have come very far, and I am very tired."

She stumbled toward him with extended arms. He caught her hands without tenderness to prevent her falling on the slippery stones, and led her to a seat on the bank.

"How did you track me here? Did Dalton tell you I had enlisted in the army?"

He was angry at the thought a comrade had betrayed him.

"No one told me. I don't know Dalton," she said simply.

"Then how did you ferret me out?"

His anger was toward the woman now.

"Through your picture drawn by Remington in the magazine. 'Sergeant Cronin Rescuing a Wounded Comrade In the Cimarron.'"

He ignored this unearthed compliment to courage and hurried on.

"The idea of your coming here is insane!"

"Why insane?"

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to stay."

"Going to stay! Stay where?"

"To stay here."

"Then the idea is more than insane. It is impossible."

"Why is it impossible? I am independent, and utterly alone now. What matter where I stay?"

"Because this is not a post. This is a military cantonment, where women are not allowed. Where did you spend the night?"

"Below here on the river with a Mexican girl called Marta."

Cronin drew his hand across his face to destroy a vision.

"No! No!" he answered vehemently. "You must leave! You must go back."

"You are very hard. I wanted to see you and have traveled far. I have the right to know if time brings change. Your going was all a mistake, Dana, all a hideous mistake! I saw your courage in the picture, and have come to worship it near, if need be unnoticed by you. Oh! You are brave and will bear with a woman who exacts nothing and for love of you has suffered much!"

Cronin felt that he could not face the incoherence of hysteria and tears. He hurried on to preserve the velocity of anger.

"It is pitiless to me and to yourself to hound and pursue me. You know that it is all ended and that I cannot bear to see your face. Your presence drove me from my first career. To escape you I entered the service and accepted the shame of an assumed name. I tell you there is no change. Go! Go!"

"Perhaps you forget that you needlessly entangled my life at its girl's beginning?"

Her voice was infinite in sadness—as sad as wasted years.

Then suddenly a new hope seized her. Money, inconsequent to her, might have a hidden value. With a joy without shame she hastened to say, "I can make amends."

She drew a purse from her bosom and extended it eagerly. "I am independent. I am wealthy now. Take this and return to your career."

Cronin flushed hotly and recoiled from the play.

"That!" he whispered hoarsely. "Your presence here will drive me to desertion. There is nothing more between us, and I tell you there is no change!"

The hope in her face faded and the woman sat stunned. Before she could reply Cronin hastened up the hill. From the crest he saw her still sitting by the river's edge, staring stupidly into the current.

On the mesa he overtook Marta walking toward the cavalry corral. Her swift steps, unperceived, had preceded him up the trail.

"Ola, Marta! mi Estrella!"

"Ola, Jorge! Porque no es 'n Caballo?"

"Because I hoped to meet you and my horse would be in the way," he said gayly.

"You have the beautiful American now. You have no need of Marta!"

"What, my heart? My star-eyed one already jealous? But I forgive you, for you have been a guardian angel to my sister in her foolish surprise visit."

"Does one's sister cross the Sonado to see a brother?"

She ignored the assurances she sought and perversely continued her teasing. "Northern birds return in the spring. Shall I wait until the lark is gone, or do you propose going with her?" They spoke in Spanish, for Marta knew only the language of her land.

"I am going with you," he replied. "In six months, when discharged, I shall take you to Sonora. It is bad luck to jest about a journey."

"Ay de mi, six months is a long time when one is young and"— Here her dark eyes searched his face with their full light until the sweep of black, long lashes intercepted the burning message. Cronin would have caught and kissed her, but the cantonment was already close across the mesa. Holding her face near to his she said very quickly, "Why wait for discharge? Go with me tonight. I can guide you to the border and they do not cross the line."

Her black eyes blazed, snapping in the sunlight, and her whole being was eager with the tremulous earnestness of woman exacting a material proof of love. To this molten little savage with the sunshine dancing in her veins the crime counted for nothing if it proved his love.

There are moments when a man is frightened by the very abandon of woman's affection, and then he will pause, to his own peril. Cronin was unprepared for this crisis in affection and wanted to gain time. "Wait five days," he said. "I will come for you then." He was calculating the consequences of desertion.

Marta's face fell, her lips moved in that dry way as when one swallows nothing, and Cronin saw that he had failed. As he turned to enter the compound he watched her retreating figure. She was singing a familiar song, and today it had an open meaning:

> The lark flies south when the leaves are sere;
> The lark flies north when they reappear,
> Like a love that flits from year to year—
> The desert dove is constant.
> This winter and spring and early fall
> Through the vibrant heat I hear her call,
> A love forever and all in all—
> The desert dove is constant.

Dalton had no sympathy for deserters. He disliked the duty because he disliked the role of detective, being a soldier, and he and Cronin had been comrades.

First he had to visit Varon's and pick up the trail, for Jenkins on "herd guard" had seen Cronin near the river and later had met a white woman near the facal. From Varon he learned things which made the work doubly disagreeable.

A strange American woman had spent two nights there. She had come to visit Cronin and had that morning gone afoot across the desert in the direction of the stage station. Cronin had told Varon's daughter, Marta, that the woman was his sister. Marta was up the river.

The trail, then, was double. There was evident connection between the woman and the deserter. Her resting place for the night was the rendezvous. He would find Sergeant Cronin there. But why had Cronin waited? He had been absent two days, possibly to get ponies for the flight.

Dalton reasoned rapidly as he cantered toward the acequia along which the woman had walked before entering the mesa. In the path near the stream he found her tiny tracks. For some minutes his practiced eye followed them mechanically, his horse moving at a trot. At the corner of the barley field they left the acequia and led up a sandy arroyo, where the sharp punch of the heels made them very plain.

The strangeness of the tracks set the trailer thinking. They were made by shapely boots and suggested boudoirs Dalton had never seen, but had read about in novels and visited in dreams. When a man's life is so rough that it furnishes no acquaintance with women, his imagination holds for her refinements a respect that is almost worship.

Dalton fancied there was still breathing from the dainty shoe prints an elusive odor, which even a human hound could follow in the darkness. Here in the desert the tracks seemed strangely out of place, or it was the first time his experience had encountered them in unfrequented arroyos. Then the idea that he was a hound, a bloodhound, yes, a cur, struck in, and he was very unhappy.

He rode doggedly on over little footprints that were a feminine protest to manliness and courage, but soon they were pressing harder on his brain than the feet that made them had pressed upon the sand, and the idea that he was a coward controlled him.

Here he halted his horse, intending to turn back, and gazed at the continuing footmarks, which pointed plainly as a signboard to a duty that lay across the heated mesa. Then he thought of the other clew. He would cut Cronin's trail and follow it. It was two days older, to be sure, and would lead to the woman just the same, but he would be following a man and would feel like a man. He wheeled his horse and clambered up a cactus headland that jutted into the arroyo.

On the mesa he struck fresh pony tracks leading in the direction of the trail he had abandoned. Cronin then had gotten a pony. As he cantered over the new trail Dalton breathed like a freed man.

The pursued had taken a course whose general direction was that of the arroyo, but distant enough to avoid ravines putting into it. A mile farther and the new trail turned sharply into the valley. Here the sharp, cup tracks of an unshod broncho had mutilated the footprints of a woman's [illegible] shod feet. The pony tracks were fresh. He might capture Cronin and avoid the woman, which was welfare to his liking. He spurred Satan to full gallop over the double trail. Two miles farther on, under a heavy clump of pale verde and chaparral, were a number of tracks in the sand. After this the foot tracks ceased and the pony tracks alone continued.

"I am too late to catch Cronin alone, but weighted double I'll overtake his broncho soon," thought Dalton as he made careless reconnoissance of where they had rested in the shade upon the sand. Then he rode onward, following a trail whose end was miles away, over a range of mountains and far into a thirsty plain.

"Oha Jorge! Jorge!"

"How you frightened me. I heard your horse knocking bowlders off the divide and thought a whole cavalry detachment had come to fetch me."

Marta laughed.

"Why did you not wait for me? Don't you trust me? I had the devil's own time getting ponies!"

"There was no need to trust you when I could have you. Love has no time to wait, loconante (foolish one). Kiss me! There, that will do! I have brought Tinta. Pedro would have lent me his own feet more willingly, but Tinta's are prettier and swifter. How the idol loves me! I promised to kiss him on my return. Yes, on my return."

"Lucky Pedro!"

"Good, droll, stupid Pedro!"

"And when do you return?"

"When you desert me for Sonora maidens."

"Poor Pedro! And how long since you ceased to love him?"

"Since I began loving you, foolish one. What a question! Oh, leave me a little breath for the flight. We must go!"

"Take a fresh pony, Marta."

"Tinta never tires."

"But we may be pursued."

"We will strike across the desert, where the fat American horses cannot follow. One day without water and their tongues droop like dogs."

"Mine will droop too. We had better keep to the mountains. The season is dry."

"The desert is safer. When the hare seeks the cienaga, the marsh in the desert, the dove leads the way."

And Marta led the way. Through mountain canyon and over bright divide, where fell the splendid starlight, singing, in the language of the conquerors, canciones brought from Spain. Toward morning they rested under giant suarrows and when they awakened the sun was blazing over Dragon summit, filling with trembling heat waves the arid valley of the lower San Simon.

And now their ponies staggered over the endless, parching sage, like animals fording swift streams with uncertain footing. The sun's rays had grown slanting and west miles before the clump of bushes that bordered the cienaga came in view.

They had not tasted water since the morning of the day before, so that their tongues had swollen and grown thick with thirst.

Marta no longer saw the sagebrush. She was dreaming of Sonora. The clump of shrubbery that bordered the cienaga was an orange grove, and it grew in Hermosillo. The pulsing of her own fever veins had become the murmur of acequinos. Cronin kept his eyes close to the ground to preserve reason and the realities of vision, as men look upward to keep their head when crossing running water. As they approached it Cronin saw ravens rise from the grove, and this told the story. The cienaga held no water and the carcasses of drought stricken cattle showed that none was near.

The baked ground lay parching in great cracks, like a vast mocking and sinister countenance, grinning with merriment over the grim joke of death. There was no longer trace of moisture in what had recently been mud, but above the cienaga green foliage still waved, like a flag of the thirst demon luring men and animals to their death.

Marta rushed to some empty cow tracks, drinking face downward as if from a real pool. Then she gathered the leaves of white willows and braided them in her black hair, telling Cronin they were orange blossoms he had promised his bride. After this the water madness seized, and she raved throughout the night. Her delirium was too Spanish and broken for Cronin to follow.

He tried to reassure her poor disheveled brain ineffectually because delirium cannot comprehend.

She feared he would desert her for the beautiful Americana who had come to take him from her.

Here her ravings took a tragic turn. She had foiled the wicked white woman and produced a dagger which she swore was stained with her blood. But now they were married in Sonora, and nothing but death could ever happen. Cronin comprehended her feebly. The night was too dark for him to examine the dagger, so he tossed it on the ground.

Through the whole night he heard the ravings of the Mexican woman and the moans of Tinta as she died of thirst. At last day dawned, and Marta fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Then Cronin resolved to leave her and seek water in the mountains beyond, which was the chance for their lives.

By noon he was standing in the dry bed of the main canyon, where the sand lay heaped in white billows and the eye recoiled from the blinding glare of the reflected light.

If there was water, he knew that it was flowing far below the sand. Lower down the canyon was boxed in narrow but high limits. He walked to the walls. Here a trap [illegible] the canyon and forced the [illegible] to the surface. Oh, it was a brave sight! Water! Pure, cold, crystal water, and it tumbled joyously out of [illegible] over the dark ledge into the sunlight and splashed in a pool below. A short way down it was all soaked up again and flowed onward, hidden under its blanket of thirsty sand. Cronin rolled into the pool deep enough to cover his body, drinking until he could drink no more. He lifted it up in handfuls and let it trickle through his fingers, as if he were sick for the sight and sound and feel of it, more precious than gold.

Then he wallowed in the water like a drunken bather washing off the stupor of intoxication.

When his full faculties returned, he thought of Marta, and filling two canteens he went back to find her.

As he entered the cienaga he saw a man standing under the willows.

"Dalton, is that you?"

"Yes, my lad, and I arrest you as a deserter."

"Water is trumps here, and I have got water."

"We'll settle that later."

"Where is Marta?"

"The only inhabitant I found in your blooming dry camp was a dead broncho, and there's her carcass. Was Marta here?"

"She came with me."

"And the white woman?"

"Is at Varon's."

"Not there. Tinta's tracks covered hers ten miles into the mesa. I figured out that you had taken her on behind you."

Cronin made no reply. He gazed intently at his feet, where lay a dagger covered as with brown rust. It had fallen from Marta's bosom. Then he turned to Dalton and said very quickly: "I am your prisoner, Dana Marston, murderer and deserter. Before you take me back let us see if we cannot find Marta."
—Philadelphia Times.

The London Stone.

The "London stone," the most famous relic now preserved in the British metropolis, has a most interesting history. Tradition says that the stone was originally taken from the ruins of ancient Troy and brought to England by Brutus, who with his own hand laid it as the first block in the foundation of the city now known to the world as London. More than a thousand years ago it was taken from its original bed in the first wall laid in the city and taken up on Cannon street, where it was set deep in the earth at a place said to be the highest spot of ground in London. According to Camden, it was not originally set as a stone in a wall, as claimed by those who say that it was brought from Troy by Brutus, as related above, but was a stone specially made and set in place as a miliarium or milestone, similar to that in the Forum at Rome, while London was under Roman rule. Camden considers it as being the stone which marked the point from which all British highways were to radiate from the capital and from which all distances were to be measured.

After the great fire of 1666 Sir Christopher Wren changed the city's grade, and the stone was taken up. That which is now preserved by the city as a relic of its very earliest days is said to be but a mere fragment of the original stone. It is not more than a foot square at the present time and is built into a niche in the outside wall of the Church of SS. Swithin and Mary Bothan, on Cannon street. Geologically speaking, the stone is of porphyry, and it may still be seen, covered by dust and dirt, by any one who cares to go up Cannon street to the church mentioned and peep through the iron grating which covers the circular opening in which the relic lies.—St. Louis Republic.

Social Equality a Beautiful Thing.

Equality is such a beautiful thing that I wonder people can ever have any other ideal. It is the only social joy, the only comfort. If you meet an inferior or a superior, you are at once wretched. Do you have any pleasure of the man who stands behind your chair at dinner? No more than of the man across the table, who because he is richer or of better family or of greater distinction treats you de haut en bas. You spoil the joy of life for your inferior, just as your superior spoils the joy of life for you. The sense of inferiority infuriates. The sense of superiority intoxicates. The madness is more or less violent, as temperament varies, but in some form it is felt wherever inequality is seen, and good society, which always hates a scene, instinctively does its best to ignore inequality. Of course it can do this only on a very partial and restricted scale, and of course the result is an effect of equality, and not equality itself, or equality merely for the moment.—"Equality as the Basis of Good Society," by W. D. Howells, in Century.

Restaurant Cranks.

Plenty of cranks haunt the table d'hotes. One who is conspicuous in the Tenderloin centers owns a white rabbit that he always carries with him, and for which he orders a large portion of lettuce while he solemnly consumes his own meal. Bunny is attached to his master's coat collar by a large silver chain and roams in and out of his capacious pockets at will. Another habitue of the same establishment absorbs two complete dinners, from hors d'oeuvres to coffee, one after the other. At another restaurant not far away a forlorn looking middle aged woman also orders two dinners, but one of them is served on the opposite side of the table and the courses are carried away untouched when she has finished her own. Possibly a romance is concealed in the untouched courses. She alone can tell.—New York Letter.

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we're with the majori
'stuck' on Pearline!"
they're right—you will
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level. Millions of women
the same song as the clo
pins. They may expre
differently, but they mean
same thing. They mean
their work is easy and so
done—and better done.
clothes worn out with the
less rub, rub, rub on
washboard. No backs
out with it, either. T
millions of women mean
they're using Pearline,
ing labor, time, and m
with it, and have proved
be perfectly harmless. N
what do you mean? Do
mean to try to do withou
Beware of imitations. 32 JAMES PYL

How to Prevent a Cold.

After an exposure, or when feel a cold coming on, take a d Foley's Honey and Tar. It fails. 50c. Vortkamp, n e c r and North streets.

FOR THE HOME DRESSMA

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Capes, waists, costumes and mings of velvet will be much this season.

The iridescent trimmings do look well on a street dress unles cealed by a wrap.

Children's coats are made w round, full cape or a large sailo lar cut squarely off in front

A new ribbon for crush collar belts is of black and white st with inch-wide band of colored on one edge.

Shaped pieces of jet or c beads or spangles are very stylis are generally known as garn which cover all waist pieces.

The handsomest coats for girls are of bengaline, velvet, collar and fur edging, but they too elegant to be comfortable healthy, active child.

Do not dally with rheuma Get rid of it at once by purifyin blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. sure to get Hood's.

Woman Suffrage Pioneers.

The great suffrage pioneer England and America are gro old together. In a few days beth Cady Stanton will celebrate eightieth birthday. A few days Mrs. Priscilla Bright McLaren. president of the Edinburgh bran the National Society for Wo Suffrage, attained her eigh birthday.

The Baby's Colic Cure.

UPPER SANDUSKY, O.—"Our boy when three weeks old troubled with severe attacks of colic. Our druggist recomme Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. We us until baby was eight months The effect from the start was m al, giving instant relief and no effects. I recommend it with p ure to every mother in the Mrs. C. W. Cramer." Dr. H Remedies for children sold b druggists for 25c

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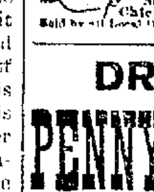
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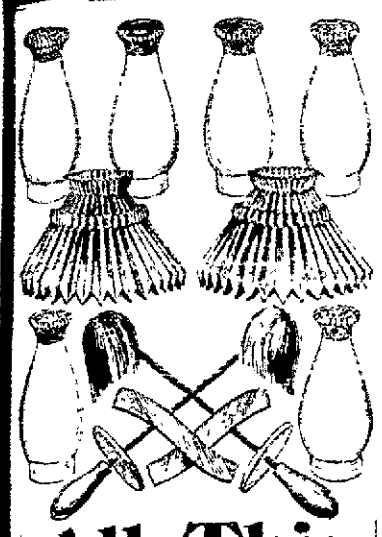

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[illegible] A little book about lamps free.

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HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.

Lowest of Rates to the Atlanta Exposition, via the C. H. & D., on account of Ohio and Cincinnati Days, Dec. 4 and 5.

This having in view a visit to the great Atlanta Exposition, certainly can not compass of high rates as a hindrance. On December 2 and 3 there will be in effect, from all C. H. & D. Ohio points, on account of Ohio and Cincinnati days at the Fair, the phenomenally low rate of one fare for the round trip to Cincinnati, plus $10.00 from Cincinnati to Atlanta and return with a ticket limit of ten days. This places the trip within the means of almost everyone. Especially is the Columbian Fair, the Atlanta Exposition is conceded to be the grandest and most comprehensive American Industrial exhibit ever accomplished, and the season of southern travel is thereby this year made doubly attractive. Those who propose viewing the "New South's" wonderful portrayal of the Atlanta "World's Fair," can not, as a matter of State pride, choose more appropriate or auspicious dates than Ohio and Cincinnati days, as it is earnestly desired that these days be marked by an Ohio attendance, both in number and character, that will compare favorably with other Northern State dates.

For particular information as to individual or party rates, through schedules and car service, call on or address any C. H. & D. Agent, or

L. G. EDWARDS, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

Hen-Pecked Criminologist.

It is one of the pleasant little ironies of fate that Lombroso, the awe inspired criminologist, is a mild, domesticated and rather commonplace individual in his personal life. He is said to be, by an interviewer, rather under the thumb of Mad. Lombroso and his two daughters, who, however, adore the professor, and are in turn adored by him, and apparently live quite contentedly amid the collections of portraits of notorious criminals which adorn their general sitting-room.

From a Findlay Mother.

"Having used Dr. Hand's Colic Cure for my baby, I can fully recommend it. I have used a great many medicines for baby colic, and none have done so much good. I will hereafter use no other remedy for colicky babies.—Mrs. L. Tanner, Findlay, Ohio." Dr. Hand's Colic Cure, Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion and all of Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children sold by all druggists for 25c.

Mercurial.

The adjective mercurial, like many others, came into ordinary speech from the realm of astrology. In astrological language a mercurial man was one born under the influence of Mercury, when Mercury was in the ascendant, and therefore possessed of the mental qualities supposed to distinguish the heathen deity of that name.

Some Are That Way.

She—Why doesn't Mr. Pompus join the church? He seems to be quite a good man.

He—I guess he feels as if the church ought to join him.—Detroit Free Press.

LIGHTNING.

A Frolic That Was Beautiful if Terrifying and Hurt No One.

"Speaking of lightning rods," said an army officer, "when I was at West Point, Dr. Hank Kendrick, the professor of chemistry, electricity and so forth, used to give us an experiment with lightning rods, which is the only thing I recollect in connection with them. He had a battery rigged up to furnish the lightning. Then he had a house of blocks, a nice two story house painted white, with green shutters. On this house was a lightning rod, a miniature affair, made like the ordinary lightning rod of commerce. He would make a few remarks on the necessity of having the rod properly connected with the ground, explaining that wet earth or water connecting directly with the earth was the very best. Then he would make a ground connection of this kind and proceed to fire a few big electric sparks, or lightning flashes, through the rod. They would go through all right, not doing the slightest injury to the house. Then he would make a few more remarks, this time to the effect that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and tell about a good minister in the neighborhood who wanted to protect his house by a lightning rod and who had heard that water was a good thing for the rod to end in. So he set up the rod and had it end in his cistern, where, as it was carefully cemented, there was always certain to be water. The old professor would then put the end of the rod in a glass of water, to represent the cistern, and turn on his lightning. The big spark would leap across to the rod and down would come the house, a heap of blocks."

"One of the most beautiful and at the same time one of the most terrifying sights I ever saw," said another member of the group, a veteran of the war, "was down in Arkansas in 1862. I was drilling my regiment one summer afternoon, when a sudden thunder shower came up. The men had bayonets fixed, and as we started for camp were carrying their muskets at a right shoulder shift. Suddenly there began at the tips of those bayonets the most marvelous electrical display I had ever seen. The lightning played about them, dancing, rolling, flashing, leaping from one to another, as if it hugely enjoyed the frolic. For an instant I thought the whole company would be struck down, and the men themselves were badly frightened. Nobody was hurt or even shocked by the lightning display.—New York Sun.

She Had to Go.

"If you tell a lie, you must stick to it."

This is old and to some extent true, as a woman of my acquaintance proved recently.

She is stopping at a hotel here and intends to return shortly to her home, in Utica.

While out shopping the other day she met a mother and daughter from her own town whom she doesn't know so very well or like so very much.

But they fell upon her neck.

"Oh, Mrs. J——," cried the elder, "if this isn't just glorious! To think of our meeting you here. We don't know a soul in New York, and I know you'll take us round and show us the sights."

Well, my friend just made up her mind that she'd do nothing of the sort.

She wanted what little time she had for herself. So she replied—it was wrong, of course—

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm living at New Rochelle, and have just run in for some shopping. I'm going out again this afternoon."

"Oh, isn't that too bad? What train do you take?"

"The 3 o'clock."

"Well, we'll go up and see you off."

Here was a nice state of affairs, but there was no way out of it that my friend could think of without being absolutely rude.

So up they all went to the depot, and that unfortunate woman bought a ticket to New Rochelle, and actually had to go there, as her friends upon the platform gave her no opportunity of escaping from the train.—New York Herald.

Kaiser Wilhelm as Stage Manager.

Some amusing anecdotes are related in the press with respect to the kaiser and the new Berlin Opera House. His majesty may often be seen in the morning, in civil dress, wearing a white cloak and smoking a cigarette, crossing on foot from the palace to the Opera House. There arrived, he takes his position on the stage or follows the rehearsals from his box. Many comical encounters have occurred in the semi-darkness between kaiser and scene shifters, ignorant of the visitor's identity. The emperor, indeed, leaves the discovery of his presence to chance, but this is often betrayed by an objection from a coulisse which unexpectedly breaks in during the progress of a rehearsal. This fortunate gift of observation is usually so well employed in criticism of the arrangements which have been made that the general manager, stage manager and director of the ballet are unable to better achieve success than by following his suggestions. The kaiser, it is related, once forgot to throw away his cigarette on entering the Opera House. The inspector thereupon respectfully called attention to the fact, and his majesty replied, "The regulations for the preservation of order in this house naturally hold good also for me."—Westminster Gazette.

What Constituted the Insult.

"Are these the photographs I ordered?" asked the customer.

"Yes, sir," replied the photographer.

"They're paid for, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Wrap them up. Thanks! Good mor—say, do you think I look like the photographs?"

"Oh, yes, the likeness is excellent!"

"Say, will you do me the favor to come out with me into the alley? I'd like the privilege of building a face on you like that!"—Chicago Tribune.

THE HOUR GLASS.

Time Honored Reverence in Which it is Held. Something of

Its Mysterious Origin

and Associations. Lessons Which May be Drawn from its Infallibility

Old Father Time displays the hour glass as an emblem of the speedy flight of years. It teaches none the less the brevity of human life. How quickly its atoms fall: how rapidly the period of our moral existence hastens to its close. Brain throb and heart beat are but ticks which count the minutes as they go.

The pages of the daily press are filled with announcements of deaths, sudden and inexplicable: deaths of men cut down in their prime, of men we thought perfect pictures of health as we passed them on the street. Hurrying past on their missions of pleasure or profit; always in a rush they never stop or rest, they at length die in the harness. They illustrate this "age of progress"—progress toward the grave. Why did they die? Why were these men taken and others left who seem so inferior to them in physical strength? Because they did not take care of themselves. They did not heed that silent monitor, the hour glass of their physical constitution. They did not listen to the sound of its falling sand, nor heed the measure of its flow.

The merchant, the clerk, the bookkeeper, the professional man, the mechanic, the toiler at loom and spindle, the busy housewife and mother hurrying through the bustle of business, or work, never reflects how much vital energy they constantly use up. Each and all keep delving, toiling, buying, selling, struggling—and the sands in the glass keep falling.

At length there is an end. The limit is reached: the sands are exhausted; "time is up!"—a mournful procession and a new-made grave.

It is the old, old story. They did not heed the lesson human experience has been teaching these many centuries.

Watch the hour-glass of your health; heed its falling sands and count them as they go. Be wise in season: gird up the weakened spot: strengthen that tired nerve: put new vigor into weary brain, heart and muscle. How can it be done? By taking the remedy nature has provided, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It is surely king among blood and nerve remedies. It is best fitted to stay the hand of the destroyer. It does not hesitate but acts at once. It gives you health, keeps you strong and well. It cured Mr. Louis H. Moreau, who was formerly a faithful member of the police force of Fall River, Mass., but who resigned his position to enter the livery stable business. He has taken five or six bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for nervousness and weakness and found it invigorating and rejuvenating. He says that the effects were of much benefit to him when he was on the police force, and he believes they would have been more prompt for good, had he taken the medicine regularly instead of intermittently. Mr. Moreau's health is now good, but he says that in case of a return of nervousness or weakness he shall recommence taking the Nervura. His place of business is at 57 and 59 Flint street, Fall River.

Try it if you are nervous, weak, tired and run down: if you pass restless or sleepless nights and wake with dull head, feeling tired, languid, without energy or ambition to take hold of your day's work. Take it for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, kidney or liver complaints, for rheumatism or neuralgia, indeed for any of the manifest evils which result from weakness and impure blood. Remember that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy never fails to cure.

This medicine is recommended by doctors, indeed, it is the discovery and prescription of a well-known physician, Dr. Greene of 35 West 14th St., New York City, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. The doctor can be consulted in regard to any and all cases, free of charge, personally or by letter.

From Sleep to Death.

In consideration of the reports to the effect that electricity as a means of executing condemned criminals is harsh, barbarous and uncertain, it is suggested by Dr. Andrew Wilson of London that a means painless and merciful would be that of the lethal chamber invented by Sir B. W. Richardson. It is employed at Battersea in the disposal of homeless and ownerless dogs which are valueless and whose maintenance is undesirable or impossible. The death produced by the inhalation of carbonic acid gas, as far as any record of the action of the gas can inform, is certainly painless. It is really a sleep which deepens insensibly into death.—Exchange.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at Melville's Drug Store.

TATTOOING AND CRIMINALS

A French Writer Who Does Not Believe in a Connection Between the Two.

The French scientific journal Archives d'Anthropologie Criminelle presents a curious and interesting study of tattooing in its relation to criminals and other outcasts, vagabonds and the insane. The article is made up partly of extracts from a recently published German work on the subject and partly from the studies of anthropologists in various countries, especially in Italy, France and Germany. Some persons have the idea that the habit of submitting to the tattooing process not unusual among criminals and rare among persons of regular and reputable life was evidence of the close relation of the criminal to the primitive savage, in fact, an effect of atavism. There have been many attempts also to trace a relation between the subjects depicted in tattoo upon the bodies of criminals and others and their mental and moral characteristics. The conclusions of the article are not favorable to those theories.

Although an examination of criminals in many prisons seems to indicate a decided taste for tattooing among them, the belief of the compiler of the article is that the fact that a man is tattooed cannot be taken as indicating anything as to the category to which he belongs. It is believed that the frequency of tattooing among any class of men is determined by external rather than internal causes. No anthropological analogy is found in the tattooed designs, though the subjects of tattooing upon the persons of prisoners agree with the view and customs of persons belonging to their social grade. Tattooed persons do not have marked criminal characteristics, and ordinarily they are not dangerous or insensible to good. Lines without color made in prison by the prisoner upon himself seem to indicate morbid psychic excitement. Colored tattooing is a valuable aid in reconstructing the past of a prisoner and for the identification of criminals, though not so good for the latter purpose as anthropometries.

The facts and figures that precede these conclusions are of the most curious sort.

Tattooing seems to be common among the lowest class of women of loose lives. One student of the subject examined 800 of these women and found that 10 per cent were tattooed. Names and initials of lovers were common marks. After a capital "E" followed the name, to signify that the affection was eternal. Hearts pierced with a dagger were common, as indeed they are upon tattooed men. The breast and forearm are favorite places for tattooing with both women and men. There is a conjecture that women of weak will and vagabond habits submit to tattooing oftener than others, and its prevalence among women of loose lives is ascribed to their association with criminals.

It has been found that a considerable proportion of the insane poor are tattooed. They exhibit a curious variety of subjects—allegorical, erotic, religious and conventional—but the students of the subjects have not been able to discover that the hallucinations of the mad have any relation to the tattoo marks that they bear. Favorite subjects are a woman's head and bust, soldiers, clasped hands, which is probably a Masonic sign, stars, comets, a boot with spur, Christ crucified, an altar with candles, the sun, animals and mathematical figures.

The article does not refer to the accepted belief that tattooing is commoner among sailors than among men in other occupations, though some statistics of the former occupations of tattooed criminals show a large proportion of sailors. There is no special reference to the elaborately tattooed men and women that exhibit themselves in dime museums on this side of the water or to the fact that men have been found tattooed almost from head to foot with Masonic emblems. There is no reference either to the fact that the enforced idleness of some prisoners and of sailors on long voyages probably leads them to resort to tattooing as a means of killing time.—New York Sun.

Bacteria and Not Thunder.

Scientists long since "went on record" as believing the ozone produced by electric discharges during thunderstorms to be the cause of milk coagulating and souring during the prevalence of such phenomena. Recent experiments by Professor Trendwell prove that the souring of milk is not due to oxidation caused by ozone or other products of the electric discharge, but that it is produced by the growth of bacteria in the fluid, the growth of which is exceptionally rapid in sultry, hot weather such as usually precedes thunderstorms.—St. Louis Republic.

Life is not a plaything to be used as long as it gives pleasure and then cast aside. It is an imperative trust, a continuous obligation from which no grief, no loss, no shame can ever absolve us.

SOME STAGE STORIES.

Compliments Paid to Performers of Unpopular Parts by Persons in the Audience—Several Interesting Incidents Related by a London Newspaper.

Playgoers of today seem to appreciate fully or nearly under the influence of the power of the performer or the vividness of a striking situation as in times gone by. They do not so quickly lose their identity, so to speak, and become so absorbed in the drama as to be carried away with the interest of the play to such an extent that they feel themselves not merely spectators, but participants in a real and tangible incident. But when plays real more with human and natural stories and less with the fantastic and "the man with a past" class of drama, it is to have been more so and more intensely. They forget the mimic side of the picture and only see before them life in miniature as they understand it. They had the human nature very lively stirred and developed.

For example, when they were playing the almost immortal "Girl on Rushes" at the Adelphi during one of its many revivals, Mme. Celeste, in the character of Miami, the Indian, had to shoot her English husband, by whom she had been deserted, and, after firing the pistol, a woman started up in the pit and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Served him right; it's just like my monster!" This explosion of insulted womanhood, produced by the "cunning of the scene" and Mme. Celeste's powerful acting, was naturally followed by a burst of laughter from all parts of the house.

It is certain that art frequently possesses more sway over our feelings than nature herself. It was at the Olympic theater, in the autumn of 1874, when the "Two Orphans" was being acted, that a young lady sitting in the stalls hurled her opera glasses, with the exclamation, "You beast!" at Mrs. Huntley (La Frochard), who was ill treating Mr. Henry Neville, the crippled Pierre, in the garret scene. It was certainly a high compliment to that actress' power, though it was a dangerous way of sending a testimonial.

But it was a critic who uprose, on the first night of the late Charles Reade's drama, "It's Never Too Late to Mend," at the Princess theater, in 1865, under the management of George Vining, and vehemently protested against the flogging business in the jail scene, as being inhuman and unfree to life. However, it was true to life, and the discussion that ensued in the papers tended to crowd the theater nightly for many months. But audiences did not always take things too seriously and were in the habit of expressing themselves very candidly when occasion arose.

Even the great Grimaldi could not invariably rely upon success for his old wheezes. He was once hissed at Sadler's Wells theater after singing his celebrated comic song (what a dull piece it was to read, by the way!) "Tippitywitchet," and he appealed to the audience. He "had medical," he said, "frowned, sneezed, choked, gasped, cried, grinned, grimaced, hiccoughed—he had done all that could be done by brow, chin, cheeks, eyes, nose and mouth—and what more did they want?" "Why, we want," yawned a languid voice from the pit, "we want a new feature!"

Sometimes it is the manager who gives vent to his feelings when sitting in "front," as was the case with Henry Harris, for many years manager of Covent Garden theater in the early part of the century. He was watching the performance from the stage box of an actor of the name of Faulkner, who had recently arrived from the provinces and was making his appearance on the metropolitan boards as Octavia in "The Mountaineers." Faulkner was not quite up to the mark, and when he exclaimed in a deep, guttural tone, "Oh, where is my honor?" Harris exclaimed, "I wish your honor was back at Newcastle again, with all my heart!"

Macready, of whom many stories were told, says in his "Memoirs:" "I remember on one occasion acting in 'Venice Preserved.' A long and rather drowsy dying speech of my poor friend, Jaffier, was 'dragging its slow length along,' when some one in the gallery, in a tone of great impatience, called out very loudly, 'Ah, now die at once!' when a voice from the other side immediately replied, 'Be quiet, you blackguard,' and then turning with a patronizing tone to the lingering Jaffier, 'Just take your time, will you?'"

As an example of how easily the most acute persons may lose themselves to some extent in the mimic action of the stage, we may recall the story of an eminent special pleader who was witnessing a performance of "Macbeth." In the scene where the Thane of Cawdor, questioning the witches in the cavern, says, "What is it you do?" the answer is, "A deed without a name." This phrase struck the ears of the pleader at once, and he cried out excitedly: "A deed without a name? Why, 'tis void."—London Globe.

Wouldn't Want Her Presence.

The boy had smashed his father's shaving mug and done sundry other damage, when his mother discovered him.

"Oh, Freddie!" she exclaimed, horrified. "What will your papa say when he comes home and sees what you have done?"

"Well, mamma, I don't think I would like to repeat it before you."—Pearson's Weekly.

After Eating a Gentleman.

Pa Tiger—I don't think I'd care to be in the midst of civilization.

Ma Tiger—Why not, love?

Pa Tiger—It's so much nicer to let civilization be in the midst of me.—New York Sun.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND

[illegible] and old [illegible] who suffer from low spirits, irritable temper, a "broken down" nervous system and such distressing symptoms as backache, dizziness, shooting pains in back or chest and indigestion, sound advice or abuse, all the results of excess, [illegible] drain upon the system [illegible] Hotel and Surgical Institute. This association of medical men have prepared a book written in plain but chaste language, treating of the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of these diseases. The World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., [illegible] receipt of this notice, with [illegible] for postage, mailed sealed in plain envelope, a copy of this useful book. It should be read by every young man, married and guardian in the land.

The Key to the Situation—if you suffer from Sick or Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks or any derangement of the stomach, liver and bowels—is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Mildly and gently, but thoroughly and effectively, they cleanse, renovate and regulate the entire system. One little "Pellet" for a gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. They're purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; these tiny, sugar-coated granules of Dr. Pierce.

Send 5 cents for sample package. Faultless Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md.

This Famous Remedy cures quickly and permanently all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, **Lost Vitality**, nightly emissions, evil dreams, impotency and wasting diseases caused by **youthful errors or excesses**. Contains no opiates. **Is a nerve tonic and blood builder.** Makes the pale and puny strong and plump. Easily carried in vest pocket. **$1** per box; **6** for **$5**. By mail prepaid with a written guarantee to cure or money refunded. Write us for **free medical book**, sent sealed in plain wrapper, which contains testimonials and financial references. **No charge for consultations.** *Beware of imitations.* Sold by our advertised agents, or address **NERVE SEED CO.**, Masonic Temple, **Chicago.**

Sold by Melville Bros., Lima

ERIE LINES.

Chicago & Erie Railroad.

Time card in effect Nov 10 1895.

FROM LIMA, OHIO.

TRAINS WEST. Depart.

No. 5	Vestibule Limited daily, for Chicago	11:46 a. m.
" 3	Pacific Express, daily for Chicago	12:42 a. m.
" 1	Express, daily, except Sunday for Chicago	10:37 a. m.
" 31	local, daily, except Sunday	7:00 a. m.

TRAINS EAST.

No. 4	Vestibule Limited, daily, for New York and Boston	9:15 p. m.
" 2	Express, daily, except Sunday for Marion & Columbus	3:30 p. m.
" 12	Express, daily, for New York	2:30 a. m.
" 32	local, daily, except Sunday	7:00 a. m.

Trains No. 1 and 2 stop at all stations on C. & E. division.

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Cocoa and Chocolates Keyling are unexcelled for Purity of Material and Delicousness of Flavor. Their Pink Wrapper Vanilla Chocolate is a favorite for Eating and Drinking. Grocers everywhere.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

GOODING'S Modern Primer

Learning Hath No Royal Path: It All Goes by the Alphabet.

A Stands for Art, which is employed to amuse;
And art you will find in Gooding's fine Shoes.

B Stands for Bundles, which pass our door through;
And each one contains a Gooding's fine Shoe.

C Stands for Care, which is probed to the core
At Gooding's reliable Boot and Shoe Store.

D Stands for Dongola, a Shoe that's a charmer:
Just ask any wife whose lord is a farmer.

E Stands for Ease—just as soft as a pudding
Are the Shoes that you buy in the store owned by Gooding.

F Stands for Footwear, for Fashion and Fame,
And Gooding, to this trio positively lays claim.

G Stands for Goats, LIKE TWO GLOVES ON YOUR FEET,
And you buy them at Gooding's from a stock that's complete.

H Stands for Health, and you'll find it galore
When you purchase fine Footwear at Gooding's fine store.

I Stands for Ink—printer's ink never lies,
And our alphabet comes to give you surprise.

J Stands for Justice, and it's no idle tale
When we say that Gooding is square with the scale.

K Stands for Australia's odd Kangaroo,
Which Gooding sells, made up in a Shoe.

L Stands for Love, for Laughter and Light,
And Gooding's fine Footwear is clear "out of sight."

M Stands for Money—the little you pay
At Gooding's fine store from May until May.

N Stands for Neatness—who'er saw before
A Shoe like the one from Gooding's great store?

O Stands for Oxford, just the Shoe for a dance,
And Gooding will suit you, if you'll give him a chance.

P Stands for Patience, and there's bushels galore
At Gooding's reliable Boot and Shoe store.

Q Stands for Quickness—no kin to the blues,
So we give you the que to Gooding's fine Shoes.

R Stands for Rubbers—in this soft, sloppy weather
Buy Rubbers of Gooding, and all "GET TOGETHER!"

S Stands for Success—no firm gathers more
Thon Gooding's unrivalled Boot and Shoe store.

T Stands for Gooding's TWENTY CENTURY BOOT,
The swellest, most perfect and soft to your foot.

U Stands for Uncle, whom we all love to see,
Who hangs Gooding's Slippers on the old Christmas tree.

V Stands for Vim—there's no idle brooding
In the Boot and Shoe store that is run by Gooding.

W Stands for Workmanship, praised o'er and o'er
At Gooding's reliable Boot and Shoe store.

X Stands for the "Tenner"—its a ten always "toots"
For two or three pairs of Gooding's square boots.

Y Stands for Youths—the whole world through,
And each Lima youth wears a Gooding strong Shoe.

Z Stands for Nothing—the poem is whole,
And health follows all who wear Gooding's Cork Sole.

The Lima Times-Democrat

... NORTH MAIN ...

TELEPHONE CALL NO. 84

TALES OF THE TOWN.

The Round Table will meet with Mrs. Clara Edson, Dec. 2d.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jacobs, of south Pine street—a son.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Zurfluh, of south Jackson street—a son.

Miss Sartor has resigned her position as bookkeeper for Newson, Deakin & Co.

Mrs. Ben Garretson has been confined to the house the past week with malarial fever.

Orson the six year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seideil, of south Pine street, is very ill with typhoid fever.

Engine No. 41, hauling a south bound freight in charge of engineer Young, of the Ohio Southern, hit a horse on a trestle at Springfield yesterday and narrowly escaped being wrecked.

THANKSGIVING PARTY

Held in Music Hall Last Evening was an Enjoyable Event.

The "Thanksgiving party" held in Music hall last night by a select crowd was well attended and a brilliant social event. The corridor between entrance to the hall and the stairway was tastefully draped and furnished with settees and rockers. The stage, which was occupied by the orchestra, was covered with crysanthemums, palms and other plants. The guests were in evening dress.

The first number on the programme of twenty dances, was played at 9 o'clock and then the dancing continued until after midnight.

GRADY BOUND OVER.

He Waives Examination and Gives Bond for the Sum of $300.

A hearing in the case of the State against John Grady, charged by his wife with assault and battery, was to have been held in mayor's court last evening, but the defendant waived examination and was bound over to common pleas court in the sum of $300. He gave bound for the amount and was released.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

Who They Are, Where They Have Been, or Are Going.

Chas. Kendall and wife are home from a visit in Wapakoneta.

Judge Chas Melhorn and wife have returned to Kenton after a visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. McCullough spent Thanksgiving day in Cincinnati.

Mrs. B. G. Harrod has returned from an extended visit with friends in Dayton.

Metellus Thompson, of Kenton, was in the city to-day looking after his business interests.

Miss Ida Burghalter, of Geneva, Ind., is the guest of her brother, Rev. D. Burghalter and wife.

George Smith, of Mercer county, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. E. L. Kraft, of east Kibby street.

Miss Minnie Allen, of Logan, is the guest of the Misses Musetta and Cora McPherron, of south Pine street

Mrs. C. D. Dunnann and son, Kirk, of Chicago, are the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ashton, of east Market street.

Mrs. Sophia Miller, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Schenk, of east Elm street, has returned to her home in Celina.

Mrs. Carl Miller and daughter Alice, who have been visiting with Rev. and Mrs. Burghalter, of Calvary Reformed church, returned to Tiffin to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kaser and daughter, Allie, who have been the guests of her sister, Mrs. E. L. Kraft, of east Kibby street, have returned to their home in Sidney.

Mrs. Dorothy Ersig and daughter, Miss Emma, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Morvilius, of east Market street, left yesterday for Dayton, to visit friends before their return home.

Turkey Lunch

and Saurkraut at 407 north Main street to-night.

With every 50 cent purchase Hoover Bros. give you a ticket on 50 prizes, valued at $750.00.

A good strong *Horse Blanket* for 50c at Germain's, 121 W. High St. 38-3t 88-3t

Van De Gritt's Gallery

Will be open to-morrow from 9 to 12 a. m. and from 1 to 4 p. m. 1t*

Turkey Lunch

and Saurkraut at 407 north Main street to-night.

WINDOWS WRECKED

By an Explosion of Artificial Gas in a Cellar.

The Room Occupied by Melville and Basinger Damaged to the Extent of Several Hundred Dollars.

About 1:15 o'clock this afternoon an explosion of artificial gas wrecked the front portion of the room occupied by Melville's drug store and Basinger's jewelry store—the south room of the old postoffice building—at High and Main streets. The report caused by the explosion was heard several blocks away and the shock felt distinctly throughout the building.

The gas which exploded escaped from a meter connection directly beneath Basinger's show window. The gas ignited from a fire which had started among the boxes, excelsior and other accumulations in the front part of the cellar, but what started the fire is a mystery.

Some plumbers, had been working in the cellar beneath the store room and took out a service pipe running across the cellar and plugged the connection where the pipes entered the cellar on the High street side, leaving no possible chance for gas to escape into the cellar from the street mains.

A few minutes before the explosion occurred Carl Osberg, a clerk at Melville's, detected the odor of gas and entered the cellar, but did not discover the leak. He thought a gas jet was leaking and notified John Scully, one of McVey's helpers, who secured a candle and some matches, and started down the cellar stairs. He did not light the candle and did not intend to if he found much gas in the cellar. Before reaching the cellar Scully says he smelled smoke and looking toward the front of the cellar saw fire. He hurried back up stairs and calling to the clerks that there was a fire in the cellar started for the front door to give the alarm, but before he reached the door the explosion occurred.

The show window in front of Basinger's store was shattered into fragments and the clocks, watches and valuable jewelry in the show window were greatly damaged. The front show case of the jewelry store and Melville's cigar case were also shattered. The massive fancy woodwork above Melville's soda fountain was wrecked and fell with a crash.

The central fire department was called out and a line of hose laid into the cellar. What little fire was found was soon extinguished, and the contents of the cellar were not damaged. D. A. McComb was doing some engraving in the front part of the jewelry store when the explosion occurred, but escaped injury.

CORNER LOTS.

The Supreme Courts Decides in Favor of Owens.

In a Test Case Taken up from Toledo—Many Cases Pending in this City.

The Supreme Court has handed down a decision regarding the taxation of corner lots for street improvement, which is of a great deal of interest in this city, where there are a number of cases pending.

The case was taken up by the city of Toledo, after having been decided against the city in the lower courts. The cases were brought by property owners who had paid tax for improvements so much per foot for their frontage on each street and who sought to recover the amount they had paid in extra assessments. The courts below gave damage for the plaintiff for the amounts claimed and held that assessments for only one side of the front foot frontage could be levied.

In order to test the constitutionality of the law, City Solicitor Watts, of Toledo, took several cases to the Ohio supreme court and the supreme court has confirmed the decision of the lower courts.

The decision may be modified, but briefly given the decision of the court is this:

First. Assessments can be levied on but one side of a corner lot.

Second. The city will not be obliged to refund the money already paid on corner lot assessments.

Third. Hereafter such improvements must be made on what is known as the Benefit assessment plan.

The benefit plan works this way: Say there are two lots side by side on Main street. One has a frontage of 50 feet on the street with 10 feet in the alley. The other has 10 feet on the street and 50 feet in the alley.

Under the old law the first was assessed for 50 feet and the other for 10

Under the benefit plan the assessors will levy a tax not on the frontage but on the amount of benefit received.

A HAPPY AUDIENCE

Witnessed the Home Drama Last Evening.

Last evening and the preceding one the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lichtenstader, 223 north West street, was the scene of a home amusement which will long be remembered by the happy audience doing honor to the occasion. A number of Misses Ida and Clara Lichtenstader's schoolmates, ranging in age from eight to fourteen years, were the entertainers in two house dramas which consisted of five acts, viz: "The Country Aunt's Visit to the City" and "King Roughbeard," interspersed with numerous tableaus, following which came the "Grand Amazonian March" by all the children and the entrancing solo dances—"Violet," by little Clara, and "The Spanish Castanett," by Ida Lichtenstader—their movements being both artistic and graceful.

Among those taking part in the performance were: Misses Edna Lowe, Hazel Brown, Kate Cavanaugh, Gay Ammerman, Genevieve Robinson, Mary Stevens and Ida and Clara Lichtenstader.

The music was truly soul-inspiring and was furnished by Miss Bonnie Bourquin, Mr. James McCoy and Miles Standish.

NOTHING DONE

To Prevent the Spread of Contagious Diseases.

The Board of Health Hold a Special Meeting—Bill Boards, However, Must be Regulated.

The special meeting of the Board of Health, last evening, resulted in a widely different manner than was expected, for instead of adopting any measures of quarantine to prevent the spread of scarlet fever and diphtheria, the Board decided to ask the council to regulate the bill boards about the city. Just what bill boards have to do with the health of the city, which contains numerous cases of scarlet fever and diptheria, is unknown, and how the Board expect to succeed in checking the spread of the diseases by any regulation of bill boards, is likewise not known, but that was the result of the meeting last night.

The meeting was called to order at 7:30 o'clock, with the following members present:

Moore, Stolzenbach, Kline, Fisk, the mayor and Health Officer Rudy.

The mayor said that the object of meeting was to thoroughly investigate the several reports and complaints recently made to the health officer that two cases of scarlet fever had existed at the residence of R. H. Ebersole and had not been placarded.

Dr. Rudy said that frequent complaints had been made about the alleged cases, and that he had investigated and found that to his own belief, two cases of the disease, in a mild form, had existed. He wanted the matter thoroughly investigated and precautions taken to prevent any spread of the disease.

Mr. Ebersole was present and stated that he had not thought that either of his two children had had any disease more dangerous than scarlet rash. The older child, he said, was not sick and the attention of a physician had not been necessary.

Dr. Rudy said that the house had not been placarded because no physician had reported the cases.

Mr. Ebersole said that although the cases were very mild, and he had not been sure whether or not they were cases of scarlet fever, every precaution had been taken, the same as if the house was under quarantine.

Dr. Rudy said there was no difference between scarlet rash and scarlet fever in relation to the contagion. The mildest form of either, he claimed, was as contagious as the most severe cases.

Mr. Ebsersole said he was positive that no one had been exposed. He had reported the children's symptoms to his family physician, but had not had him called because he did not think the case was scarlet fever. He said that the rash had broken out on his older daughter nearly five weeks ago, and he had allowed the child to go to his place of business with him recently, but had allowed none of the children to go to school since the first symptom was discovered.

Dr. Rudy said that he called at the house yesterday and had found all the children in a healthful condition now, but he believed they had had scarlet fever. He advised that the house be disinfected and a physician's certificate be furnished before the children be allowed to return to school.

Mr. Ebersole said he would call a physician, and requested that a sanitary officer be sent to fumigate the house.

No further action was taken in regard to scarlet fever precaution, but a resolution was passed asking the council to take action in regulating signs and bill boards, and an adjournment taken.

A delicious dish of OATMEAL with the FULL FLAVOR of the BEST selected OATS can only be made with

Friends' Oats

MADE OF THE FINEST OATS BY SPECIAL PROCESS.

YEARLY SALES 29,000,000 LBS.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS IN 2-LB. PACKAGES.

MUSCATINE OATMEAL CO. MUSCATINE, IOWA.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Masonic Notice.

Monday evening, Dec 1st, Lima Lodge No. 205, F. & A. M. Work in E. A. and F. C. degrees.

Tuesday evening, Dec. 2nd, Lima Council No. 26, R. & S. M. Annual election of officers for ensuing year and work in degrees.

Friday evening, Dec. 5th, Lima Chapter No. 49, R. A. M. Work in M. M., P. M. and M. E. M. degrees.

W. L. PORTER, Secretary.

SOLD TINWARE

And His Employer Now Charges Him with Embezzlement.

About 7:30 o'clock last evening W. W. Rugg, a tinware salesman, appeared before the mayor and signed an affidavit charging Grant R. Smith with embezzlement of $20.

Mr. Rugg claims that Smith worked for him until he collected $20 for tinware and then skipped out leaving him a consoling letter stating that he intended to "do" him when he went to work.

Smith belongs at Newark, O., and Chief Haller sent a communication to the police there requesting his arrest.

MRS. W. A. CORBION,

From Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Teacher of Pianos, Technique, Harmony, Thorough Base and Voice. Pupils solicited at reasonable rates. Lessons every Tuesday at your homes.

Enquire at Mrs John Wheeler's, 319 west Market street.

Consult the Clairvoyant,

Madame Allons, on all affairs of life. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hoffman House, Main street, corner Wayne. 1t

Gold Watches Free

With Royal SOAP. 32-9t*

Coal—Hard, Soft

And smithing coal, at Mayo's.

MONEY TO LOAN.

I have Eastern money to loan at a very low rate of interest. Why pay ... per cent when you can get it so cheap. Call ... before you borrow.

T. K. WILKINS.

Rooms 9 and 10, Opera Block, Second floor, Lima Ohio.

MONEY TO LOAN

On farm or city property in any ... Quickest and best accommodations in ... western Ohio.

P. W. RAUCH & CO.

202½ n. Main st. Portraiture ...

It Takes Brains

To select
And capital
To secure
The assortment
That we always show
In

Holiday Novelties

In making presents,
Often the
Pocket has to be consulted.
This is where we fill
A crying need.
Our prices are by far
The lowest in town.
And
Our patrons
Always save money

ADOLPH FOX,

224 North Main St.

DON'T HESITATE

But come direct to us for GREAT Bargains in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Felt Goods. We have them for you We have what you want, because you want the best at a reasonable price. We buy the best, because our customers want the best.

Now is the time to buy Rubbers, come to us for them, we have them in all the shape toes out. If you are not a customer of ours, try us once and see the difference.

OWEN FRANCIS,

229 North Main Street.

DON'T BE DECEIVED BECAUSE THE WIND BLOWS.

J. M. Waugh is selling the most reliable Shoes in Lima. **Prices are always down.**

31 Public Square.

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